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REALISM AND RELIGIOUS PAINTING

By John Henry Hughes

EDITOR'S NOTE—A controversy has arisen in France which centres in the question of whether Christ did or did not have a beard. One writer has catalogued all the known portraits and statues of Jesus in chronological order and states emphatically that until 325 A.D. Jesus was always represented without a beard. This tradition, he maintains, was followed in the West for two hundred years, but in the East, after Constantine's dream, the official sculptors and painters represented Christ with a beard. In the article which follows, Mr. Hughes deals with the broader question of the proper method of depicting the scenes in which Christ took a leading part and shows why he prefers the realistic methods of Tissot and Munkacsy to the idealistic methods of other painters.

THE death of James Joseph Jacques Tissot, who passed away, in Paris, on August 9th, after a protracted illness, suggests a query as to the painter's most distinctive contribution to the art of his day. In America the artist is doubtless best known as the painter of religious pictures—illustrations, one might call them, of the life of Christ. So largely does this phase of Tissot's work predominate, that one is likely to forget he attained signal success both as a painter and as an etcher long before he experienced that peculiar change of heart which transformed him from the luxurious Parisian to the religious mystic, and made him world-renowned as the illustrator of incidents in the life of the Saviour.

What caused him to become a mystic and a religious devotee, and such an absolute believer in Jesus Christ as the Son of the living God as to induce him to renounce former scenes and successes and devote his life to a single religious purpose, it might be difficult to say. Certainly the step he took was as radical as it was unusual.

Born at Nantes, in 1836, and educated at the École des Beaux Arts

under Fladrin and Lamothe, he painted Parisian frivolities for years. Then he went to London, where he took up his residence, and for ten years followed his profession with a success, both in reputation and in financial returns, such as is rarely the good fortune of an artist. In London he lived as an artist-prince, and maintained a house that was commonly called a palace of painting. He entertained with a lavishness little less than regal, worked nevertheless indefatigably, exhibited regularly at the salons, and sent out pictures from his studio that commanded admiration.

Then for some reason best known to himself he lost interest in the old subjects that had engrossed his attention, turned his back on France, to which he had returned, and in 1886 set out for the Holy Land. There for years he studied the people, and as a humble follower of Christ, lived in the places made memorable in the early history of Christianity. This was for him the beginning of a new life and of a new art, and despite the fame acquired in the earlier years of his artistic effort, it is this new art which will doubtless



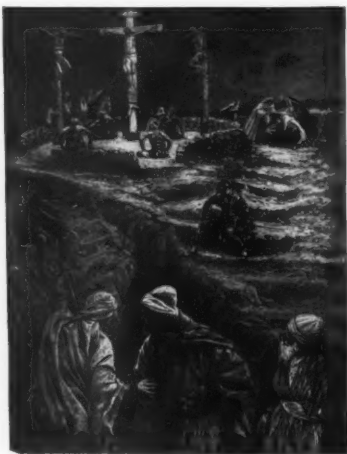
MARY MAGDALENE AT THE FEET OF JESUS—BY J. J. TISSOT

go down to posterity linked with his name.

It is an art of refined realism as applied to religious painting. Tissot, one suspects, felt that if Christianity were the vital thing that priest and moralist claimed it was, it should be depicted in art with absolute verisimilitude. He no doubt felt that there was something radically wrong in the current depiction of Christ and the Holy Land, and his protracted residence in Palestine, his association with the Jewish people of that country, his studying of types and localities, were simply a means to reclaim religious painting, and make Christ for the masses some-

thing more than the idealized conceptions which the artists of the ages have been bodying forth in their canvases.

As a matter of fact, the conviction that impelled Tissot to leave France, and in a sense bury himself in Palestine in the interest of art, has long been felt and has frequently been voiced. Especially of late have preacher and artist insisted on a renunciation of old models, and an honest endeavour to seek facts. One may thus regard Tissot as a forerunner in a wide-spread latter-day movement. To him is the honour of having undertaken systematically, and with insight not less scientific than poetic, what a very few



THE CRUCIFIXION BY J. J. TISSOT



THE LAST SUPPER—BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

A FAMOUS ITALIAN MODEL.

modern artists have undertaken sporadically; and to him is the further honour of having accomplished by laborious efforts what other artists have for the most part failed in.

Strict adherence to facts was, for instance, one of the cardinal principles of the pre-Raphaelites; yet even these devoted artists, who brought contumely upon themselves by their rejection of conventional standards and models, lost themselves when they essayed re-

a man of peaches-and-cream complexion, sleek, golden hair, immaculate in respect of dress, and perpetually wearing an expression which, if we were to see it on a living face, we should consider to be polite boredom. Nor is the objection to the pictured Christ confined to facial expression and impossibilities in dress and grooming; it is the type that is wrong.

Ninety-nine in every hundred of the uncounted pictures of Christ are offens-

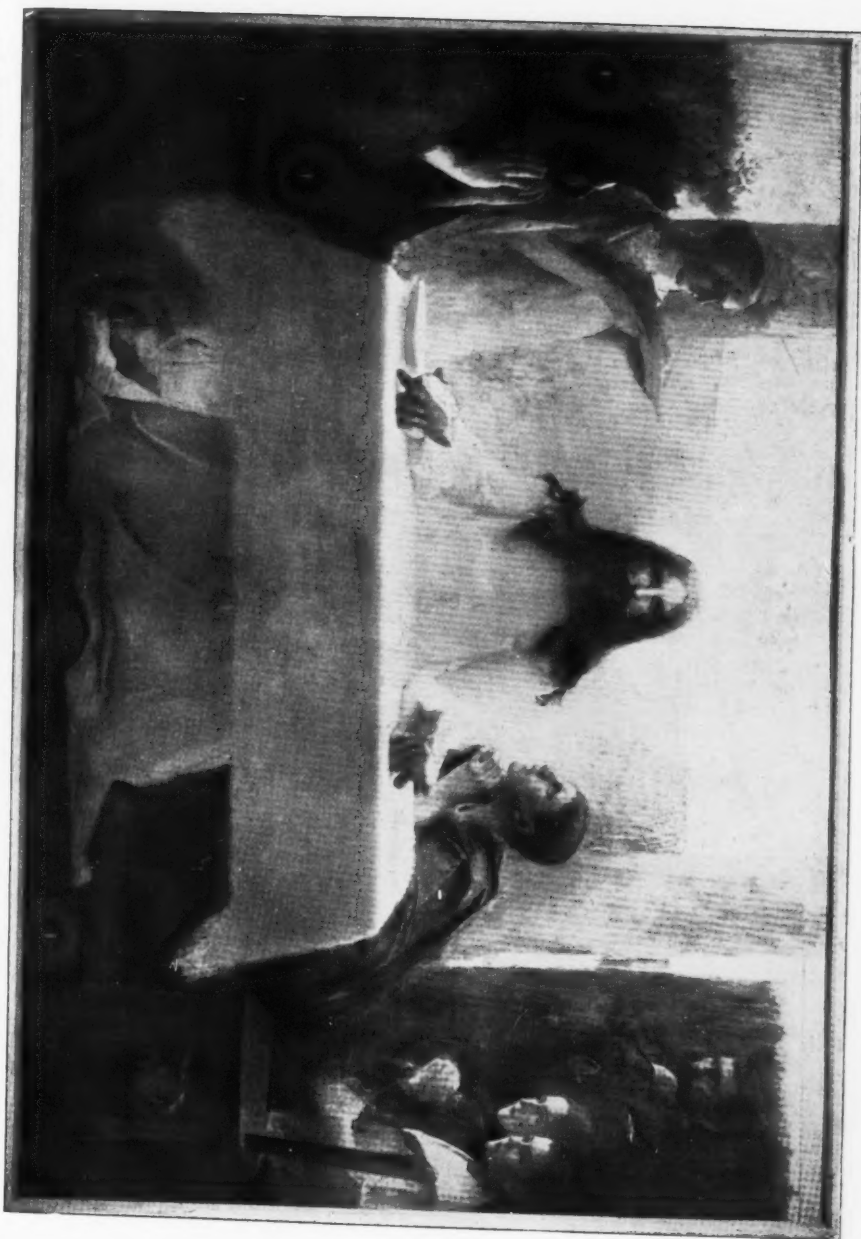


THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER—BY J. J. TISSOT

ligious painting, and, as shown by some of the pictures herewith reproduced by way of comparison, sacrificed truth to poetry.

Instead of improving on the precedents established by the old masters, the painters of our time, as was recently pointed out by a careful student of religious art, are for the most part only refining upon the Christs of Germany and Italy. They continue to believe that the Man who wandered about the hot fields of Palestine, sleeping in the open air and living like a peasant, was

ive because they lack truth of environment, and because they show a weak, lackadaisical man, instead of a strong individuality. Christ was a leader. Not only did he win the Apostles to him, but he drew the multitudes. One who does that sort of thing is not a pretty man, not a man nice in his manner, not a man who minces words and moves feebly, but a man of vitality and courage, who says what he means, who has such faith in himself that he cares nothing for opposition, whose mission in life he is determined to fulfil. The



THE SUPPER AT EMMAS—BY A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET

A PRESENT DAY CONCEPTION

man with whom the majority of painters have familiarized us is a milksop.

This unfortunate type, it can readily be understood, results from an extreme of reverence in those who made it. The painters

feared to impart the grosser attributes of humanity to an ideal. They stained the spiritual with as little of the earthy as it was possible to concede and continue the shape of man. The result was a compromise, in which there was none of the substance and vigour of the man, and in which it was impossible to represent the purity or tenuity of spirit. Their Christ was a girl—I am using another's words—and one of chlorotic tendency. Is it possible they thought a Christ like this was most admired by women worshippers? It is time for a reaction, for we have hints of it in other arts as

well as in pictures, the poetry of the Christian religion preferring a man who lacks the obvious traits of manliness, while in oratorio the words of Christ once invariably given to a high tenor are now assigned to a barytone.

He who scourged the money-chang-

ers out of the temple, who tramped the hills of Judea, who from his birth in a stable to his death at the hands of public executioners knew none of the softness of life, we may be sure was

not the kind of teacher that was embodied from the respect and timidity of the early painters. The American Page is cited as one who painted what was known as "the butcher Christ," in which he tried to emphasize exactly those phases that the older painters had repressed; and more recently Munkacsy has painted a "Christ before Pilate," and a crucifixion, in which the central figures were modelled from Hungarian Jews, with which the painter was familiar. Tissot, who studied for years in the Holy Land, came still nearer to the possible type, for he painted the Jew of Palestine. The crowds that fig-

ure in the sacred pictures are not clean persons, glowing in robes of crimson and blue, but are like low-grade crowds everywhere, dirty, unkempt, half-clothed, and low-browed. The artist is ever faithful to facts.

If carried to extremes of realism, it



THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD—BY W. HOLMAN HUNT
TYPE SUBORDINATED TO ALLEGORY



CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS—BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS
A STUDIO DREAM

is contended, the art of Munkacsy and Tissot would be more offensive than the art of Raphael, Tintoretto, and other goody-goody men — fine colourists, good composers, if you like, but indif-

ferent diviners and creators of character. Yet there is no reason why sacred art should be any more or any less realistic than landscape art, or the *genre* of the academies of the present



CHRIST BEFORE PILATE—BY MIHALY MUNKACSY
FAITHFUL TO FACT

day. The medium should be sought. There must be a veracity that will assure us of the painter's knowledge, and a refinement, a spirituality, that will win us to his ideal—a higher ideal than

Tissot has done much to abolish what is here called the maudlin, weak, effeminate figure that has so long been the artist's ideal of the world's most purposeful and courageous man. Upon



THE VOICE IN THE DESERT—BY J. J. TISSOT

he can ever express, but which he can hint in form and colour. And there must be a doing away with the maudlin, weak, effeminate figure that has so long stood for one of the most purposeful and most courageous men in the world's history.

his arrival in the Holy Land he began those studies which resulted in his masterful series of five hundred or more water-colours descriptive of the life of the Saviour. There is no suggestion in these paintings of conventional ideas. As has frequently been

pointed out, the Christ of other painters has been surrounded with a halo of ideality and of "conventional divinity," but Tissot's Christ is, first of all, a man, a Jew, a person of character.

In all the other details of his work, in the minor personages surrounding his central figure, he is loyal to the same spirit—ever devout, not afraid to be critical, devoted ever to the truth, and bent ever on presenting Christ in his proper character and in his proper environment.

There is more truth than fancy in the comparison sometimes made between Tissot and Renan. Tissot is for Christian art what Renan is for Christian theology. The two men are equally devout, equally devoted to an exalted purpose. Those who have read Renan's "Life of Jesus" know how reverently, care-

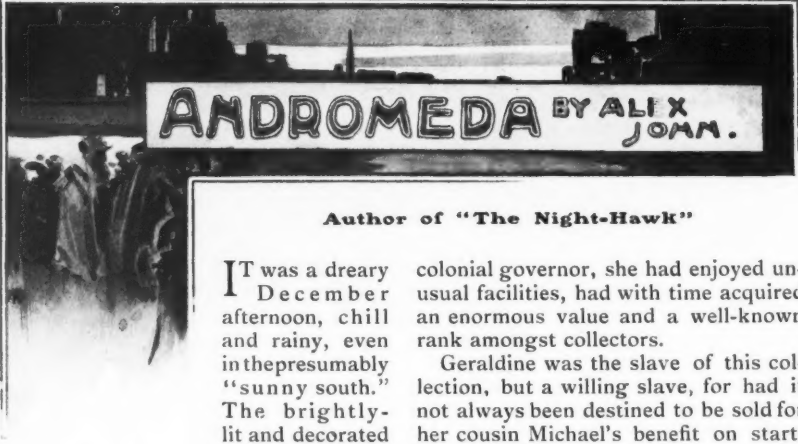


THE WORLD'S GRATITUDE—BY W. S. BURTON
TRUTH SACRIFICED TO POETRY



THE YOUTH OF JESUS—BY J. J. TISSOT

fully, painstakingly that gifted writer strips away theological accretions from the personality of Jesus, and from childhood to the awful tragedy on Calvary, presents the founder of the new faith with all the attributes of humanity, without divesting that exalted character of the elements of genuine divinity. And so those who have studied Tissot's wonderful series of biblical pictures will recognize that the artist, following Renan's critical but reverent methods, has, pictorially speaking, given the world a new Christ, one so realistic as to appeal to us from the purely human side, and at the same time so ideal as to incorporate all the divinity that other artists sought to acquire by falsifying facts in the effort at spiritualizing.



ANDROMEDA BY ALIX JOHNSON.

Author of "The Night-Hawk"

IT was a dreary December afternoon, chill and rainy, even in the presumably "sunny south." The brightly-lit and decorated shop-windows in

the Rue d'Antibes at Cannes, France, lent a spurious gaiety to the scene.

Where are shop-windows more enticing, millinery more chic, trinkets and bon-bons brighter, than in that haunt of the rich; that "pay des millionnaires?"

But Geraldine Singleton who stood peering so wistfully into a jeweller's window was sadly the reverse of a millionaire. She was only a poor little Irish girl, in a shabby serge suit and sailor hat, but with big grey eyes, and a big stout heart in her slim little body.

These latter came from a long line of jolly, reckless ancestors, who had enjoyed life so well in their own fashion that they had left small material for their descendants to do the same.

What enjoyment there was in her life was distinctly of her own manufacture. Geraldine was the helpless fag and slave of a cantankerous old grandmother, who seemed to have solved the problem of living forever on nothing a year, or on as little over as possible.

The old lady had two weak spots, one being her grandson, from whom his inheritance of Mount Michael had passed, but who scraped along cheerfully in the casual family fashion in a line regiment. Her other interest was her collection of postage stamps, which having been commenced in the grey dawn of philately, when, as wife of a

colonial governor, she had enjoyed unusual facilities, had with time acquired an enormous value and a well-known rank amongst collectors.

Geraldine was the slave of this collection, but a willing slave, for had it not always been destined to be sold for her cousin Michael's benefit on starting in life?

When it came to the point, the old lady shirked parting with her treasure, but still, tough as she was, she could not live forever. Then those flimsy stamps that Geraldine handled so tenderly with slim white fingers, would bring in a store of golden coins for Michael.

Being hopelessly behind the times, and unselfish, Geraldine did not consider her own prospects, but took it for granted, with pathetic resignation, that when her grandmother died she should be passed on to an aunt, as cantankerous and economical, but even poorer than the former.

This resignation did not prevent a feeling of girlish longing for some of the pretty things in the bright window.

They were not valuable, the things at which she was gazing; only the flimsy yet dainty trifles familiar to all Mediterranean wanderers; daggers and crescents of turquoise and coral, and necklaces of slim gold chains and Swiss stones, cheap, but sparkling,

On one of these latter, of pale yellow topaz, Geraldine's eyes were so closely fixed that she never heeded that a man had paused beside her.

She started when a husky voice asked:—"Picking out Christmas presents, Miss Singleton?"

She looked round to see the slight figure with the drooping shoulders and the pointed fair beard of Mr. Ravenel, the lonely Australian in their pension,

for whom she was so sorry when he coughed and because no one to cheer or comfort him.

She laughed now;—"No Christmas presents for me. Grannie isn't on speaking terms with Santa Claus. And as for giving them! Well, I can give you my good wishes, Mr. Ravenel?"

"I shall value them highly," he answered with a significance she failed to grasp. "But what were you looking at?"

"Only thinking that if I ever should have a necklace, I would choose the yellow one. Oh, but how wrong in you to be out in such weather," she said, her instincts as a nurse aroused.

"I have only been to the library in that cab. And I am going to have a cup of hot chocolate before I drive home. Won't you come with me?"

Geraldine hesitated. The pâtisserie looked very tempting, and she was in that chronic state of hunger known to the inhabitants of cheap pensions.

Besides, the way was long to the dull back street where stood the Pension Deux Soleils, and her parcels were heavy, comprising a bottle of whiskey

and a package of candles, all to be smuggled in without the landlady's inspection.

Who hesitates is lost, and presently she found herself half-way through her third brioche and her second cup of chocolate.

"You will think I am a cormorant?" she said, smiling at her entertainer with childish compunction.

"Do I not also inhabit the doubly radiant Deux Soleils, and have I not also lunched off eggs and stewed rabbit," he retorted with his friendly smile. "Your grandmother's gloom was portentous."

Geraldine laughed.

"Oh, grannie is seraphic to-day. An American cousin sent her a lot of those surcharged Cuba and Porto Rico stamps. To get a stamp for nothing makes her lamb-like for days."

"You're as bad as she is, I believe. But that reminds me, I have some of the new Tasmania issue for her at home."

"She will worship you."

"Enough to show me her precious books?" he asked carelessly.

"Ah, that is another question. But if I stay longer, I'm afraid the good humour may have vanished."

"We will go then," and they fared forth into the gathering night.



DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY

"She was only a poor little Irish girl"

II

On Christmas morning Geraldine flung open her shutters when the sunshine was still ruddy upon the Esterel peaks, of which she got one glimpse between house roofs.

True, she expected no kindly gift from anyone, but the sun smiled for her and the first violets in the garden border sent up their message, and her impressionable Celtic soul rejoiced.

When the beaming Swiss, Marie, brought her coffee tray she had a guilty consciousness of the smallness of Lady Mount Michael's tip, but Marie must know what to expect by now, and still she beamed.

"Look, mademoiselle! You are not forgotten this time."

Sure enough there was a little white package on the tray, which, when opened, revealed the topaz necklet she had coveted.

A crimson tide swept over her face, and with the oft-times sad lips parted in a smile of pleasure, Marie saw her in a new light, and thought "She will be a beauty after all."

After her first delight, Geraldine felt extremely uncomfortable over her gift. It made her hot all over to wonder if Mr. Ravenel could have possibly supposed that she had been hinting at such a thing. Then her clear common-sense reasserted itself, and with only one pang of regret she went straight to her grandmother with the package.

Selfish and cantankerous as she might be, they would be as one in any matter concerning the family dignity.

But Lady Mount Michael only showed an indulgent amusement.

"Very pretty, child, and, yes—I think that you may keep it. It's not as though it were expensive jewellery. Just a Swiss trinket like that. No doubt the poor young man is grateful to you for little kindnesses. You've fetched him books, and all that, haven't you? Poor fellow, he looks very delicate. It would be unkind to refuse it."

And the girl carried off her treasure while the old woman chuckled to herself.

She was too wise a grannie to give a hint of her delight at the idea of a match of any kind for her penniless granddaughter.

"He must have money to be so careless about his wine and candles, and even if he didn't last many years, he'd probably make some provision for her," she decided.

Geraldine thanked Mr. Ravenel with well-bred simplicity, and wore his gift at the evening's festivity.

In her gratitude she looked so well after his comfort in getting him a warm seat, and sat so long beside him that the pension widows and old maids chuckled to each other over it.

After Christmas came a time of mistral, snow white upon the mountain tops, and the treacherous southern cold everywhere. Lady Mount Michael took to her bed, and Geraldine's life was even less to be envied than usual.

Her time was spent between running errands for the old lady, and the endless work of the stamps; doing up packages for exchange, writing the accompanying letters, sorting and cataloguing according to each new theory of the hour.

She had noticed that Mr. Ravenel had been for three days absent from meals, laid up with a cold, as Marie reported.

She felt guilty at his absence being a relief to her; but of late his round blue eyes, which were wont to seem so kindly, had revealed a languorous self-complacency from which she shrunk, and his friendly smile had displayed an unpleasant sense of proprietorship.

Although so young, her wandering life had given her a certain experience, and she shrank before a touch of revealed commonness. What would Michael think if she allowed that kind of a man to scrape up an intimacy over the stamps, at which he himself always jeered.

All the same, the sound of his weary cough touched her compassion as she passed his door on her way out one bright, cold afternoon. She even took some of her scanty pennies to buy him

a bunch of fragrant violets, with which she paused at his half-open door on her return.

Huddled in an uncomfortable arm-chair, over a skimpy wood fire, the

"How good to think of a poor demented like me," he said fervently, as she half-shyly presented her gift.

"Ah, you're not as bad as that," she protested. "I wish that I could do something to make you look less forlorn."

"I shan't be forlorn any more. I shall have this to remember."

Before his fervour she retreated doorwards.

"Ah, don't go just yet," he urged. "If



WILLIAM BEATTY.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY

"Huddled in an uncomfortable arm-chair"

poor soul was a pitiful enough figure.

A transfiguring light came to his worn face at sight of Geraldine, her hair dishevelled by the wind, but bringing the gladness of the day with her into the dull, shabby room.

you only knew how long the day has been."

Then, as though making conversation to detain her for a moment longer—"What is that weighty volume tucked under your arm?"



DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY

"... flung the door open with the vigorous touch of the big, handsome Irishman"

Geraldine laughed with recovered ease. After all, she might as well be shy with a footman as with this poor little white rabbit of a man.

"This," holding up the morocco-bound book—"Oh, this is the very cream of Grannie's collection, the 'English Colonies' volume."

Mr. Ravenel's eyes hardly glanced from the bright face to the book, but he was quick to seize the chance of prolonging her visit.

"Don't you think you might give me a glimpse of some of its treasures? It would make such a welcome change from this tiresome novel," he said wistfully.

The wistfulness and a little hard cough which he suppressed settled the business. No one had ever appealed in vain to Geraldine's pity.

She laid the book on the table, and stood looking down, while with slim, agile fingers he deftly turned the pages.

He was too wary to ask her to sit

down and so startle her. The door behind her was open, and there was nothing to alarm the proprieties.

The genuineness of his interest in the treasures before him was evident enough.

"Not a blank in the whole page," he said, pausing at a sheet of Mauritius. "There must be few such complete sets as this going."

"Only four, I believe," Geraldine answered complacently. "That page represents, at the lowest, a value of £200. The Nevis page comes to another hundred, I believe."

"They should be a dower for you," and he looked up at her with the manner from which she shrank.

A clock on the mantel rang out four, a welcome diversion to her.

"Good gracious!" she cried, in sudden alarm. "Four o'clock, and the post-box will be emptied, and I forgot Grannie's letters," and she was off, leaving her packages behind her.

Down the stairs she sped, only in

time to see the blue back of the retreating postman. She gave chase, catching him before he reached the gate, and returned slowly, breathless but triumphant.

A gay little laugh broke out as she paused in Mr. Ravenel's doorway.

"Grannie would have a fit if she knew that I had left the precious 'Colonies' out of sight for a moment," she began, but paused at sight of her friend, lying back with closed eyes, pale and exhausted. The book had been closed, and shoved farther away on the table, as though he had been too weary to trifle with it longer. At sound of her voice he seemed to make an effort, and looked up with a wan smile.

"An extra bad fit of coughing," he explained. "I've fought my best, but must soon give in now."

Over the fresh face looking down upon him came the awe which the young feel for death.

"I am very, very sorry for you," Geraldine said simply; all fears of his claims at intimacy vanished.

"I know you are. It has helped me to hold on a bit longer. But I mustn't keep you. I know you are in a hurry. Poor little Andromeda, take the book back to the dragon. I wish that I might have been your Perseus."

She flushed, and was about to protest when something in his face told her that he would be better alone, and with a gentle good-night she went.

The passionate pity of youth made her wipe away a few tears before she went to give an account of herself to Lady Mount Michael.

III

The sunshine returned and the invalids revived, and a few days after this Geraldine actually had a holiday.

It was a whole long afternoon on the heath-clad hills beyond Auribeau in the society of young folks as cheerful and nearly as impecunious as herself. Colonel Minden's family were distant cousins of the Mount Michaels, and were approved of as such.

The sunshine and breath of the pines

and heath, the luncheon on a warm hillside all went a bit to Geraldine's head. She flirted in the most pronounced fashion with Geoffrey, the son out from Oxford for Christmas, who had adored her from childhood.

The short, golden twilight was just closing when Geraldine appeared in her grandmother's room looking like a very Persephone, laden with sprays of pearly heath from the hills and the first narcissus from the meadows.

The smile was still on her lips with which she had bidden farewell to Geoffrey at the door. It vanished quickly enough at sight of the ogre-like figure facing her.

Lady Mount Michael sat, an open stampbook on the table before her, the landlady standing helplessly staring at the awesome wrath that flashed in the cavernous eyes, and at the trembling lips that mumbled and mouthed, and broke into a shrill scream as they found intelligible words at sight of Geraldine.

A skeleton hand pointed at the terrified girl, who turned in mute appeal to the good-natured "patronne."

"Never mind her, mademoiselle. She is in her dotage," Madame Soissons whispered, but could say no more before the cry broke out:

"I have been robbed! Robbed of the treasures and toil of a lifetime, and all through that girl's carelessness or worse, perhaps! She may be in league with those who—"

"Hush, madame; hush!" Madame Soissons interrupted.

Meantime, Geraldine, dropping her green armful, had crossed to her grandmother's side, an awful premonition at her heart. One glance at the familiar book confirmed her worst forebodings; the Mauritius page with all its treasures had been neatly cut out.

"And the whole Nevis set is gone! Three hundred pounds worth at the least! And my British Guinea provisionals! And the first Newfoundland sheet! Only four pages in all, and yet representing from eight hundred pounds upwards," shrieked the old lady. "Who could have done it? It

was someone who knew all about their value. But no one ever had the key to it save you, Geraldine, and yet to-day I found the clasp unlocked. What does it mean?"

A wail of despair broke from the girl, who had dropped, a huddled heap, in the corner of the sofa.

"Oh, Grannie! Grannie! I never let a soul touch the book; never let it out of my sight save for a few seconds the other day, when I left it in Mr. Ravenel's room while I went to post your letters."

"Mr. Ravenel!" This time it was Madame Soissons who wailed. "Mr. Ravenel received this morning a telegram saying that his mother was dying, and left by the afternoon train! Mon Dieu! If it was him, he may have done other harm!"

Here Geraldine solved matters for the present by fainting away for the first time in her life.

A long course of fatigues and poor food, the day's excitement and the sudden shock of shame and grief, all had proved too much for her.

Madame Soissons kindly cared for her while the old ogress bewailed her treasures and muttered vengeance against the culprit, or rather against her nearest victim, Geraldine. A pale, dishevelled wraith on the sofa, the girl heard her doom pronounced.

She had proved herself untrustworthy, and should go back, second-class, to her aunt in Ireland. There in the wilds of County Clare she would have leisure to repent her ingratitude and carelessness.

This sentence cut off at one fell swoop every alleviation of Geraldine's unhappy lot.

The beauties of climate and surroundings; the amusement of meeting strangers; the chance of an occasional sight of her cousin Michael, were to be exchanged for a damp, dreary wilderness, and utter banishment from all society save that of a deformed, cruel-tongued woman, who, sickly and poor, hated all the world more lucky than herself.

But in the frenzy of her self-accusa-

tion, her punishment seemed almost welcome to Geraldine.

What could be severe enough retribution for having robbed her cousin Michael of what seemed to her such an enormous sum as eight hundred pounds?

She had often planned the growth of the collection until it should sell for enough to repurchase Mount Michael, and now some of its choicest treasures were gone.

And so the poor child cried herself into a sleep of exhaustion while Madame Soissons pursued investigations which led to the discovery that Mr. Ravenel had before his departure operated on a gentleman's trunk quite as neatly as he had upon the famous stamp-book, thereby securing a booty of a thousand francs, spoil from Monte Carlo. The police authorities when summoned displayed a cheerful admiration for the double achievement.

"Aha," said the fat inspector. "It is that little Englishman, Brewster, at his tricks again. We knew that he would soon turn up somewhere in these regions. Will he never, then, hurry and die of that cough of his? We shall hear of him next in Algiers or Egypt, no doubt! He has a 'flair' for a good climate, the little rogue. But he must soon go to the last and hottest of all!"

Nothing was heard of the thief or the booty, however, and it was supposed that he had hidden his tracks at Marseilles.

In broken-hearted silence Geraldine made ready for the journey to Ireland.

Her modest little trunk was packed, and she sat awaiting her last luncheon at the "Deux Soleils" board, while her grim ancestor scowled at her from the warm corner by the fire.

A quick, firm step was heard on the tiled passage floor, and Geraldine started with the nervous anticipation of tidings which had grown habitual with her.

But the polite police inspector had never flung the door open with the vigorous touch of the big, handsome

Irishman, who stood revealed as Sir Michael.

Geraldine's cry of rapture ended in a wail of despair, and she cowered and hid her face in her hands, as though convicted of some deadly crime.

Her grandmother broke out into quivering wrath of age, but Sir Michael interrupted her without ceremony.

"Whatever is the matter with Geraldine, and where is she going? You couldn't have heard already?"

"Heard! We have heard quite enough! That you have been robbed of the stamps that I have toiled and slaved over, and all through her carelessness! And where would she be going but back to Ireland to try a little of her Aunt Julia's tongue."

"Oh, Michael, forgive me!" wailed Geraldine, looking up with the imploring gaze of a victim led to the sacrifice.

Both women were startled by a hearty peal of laughter, which yet was not without wrath.

"The devil she shall go to Aunt Julia to be bully-ragged by her! And the devil take all stamps, I say. Why, here I am come out to have a spree over bringing you good news, and this is the reception I get!

"It's nothing less than that that half-crazy old uncle of ours did really and truly make a fortune in America out of some of those inventions of his,

and that he has died and left that same fortune between Geraldine and me. And I'm thinking of adopting her myself for the future, Grannie, and saving you the trouble of looking after such a bad girl—hey, Gerry? Only no more tears. They're forbidden now."

He had gone to the sofa and taken the poor little, forlorn creature into his arms, while she clung to him in a passion of happiness.

Lady Mount Michael executed one of those rapid "volte-face" for which old ladies are celebrated, and in a few hours was benevolently planning the future of the young couple when Mount Michael should be repurchased and they settled there, but Sir Michael's views were very different.

"No more mouldy old castles for us, thank you, to swallow all our cash. Why, we've neither of us ever had a spare penny in our lives! And now it is going to be a crack regiment, and a jolly house, good clothes, lots of fun all round! That's my idea."

His ideas were Geraldine's, and so there was no difficulty on that score.

And thus Perseus had really come at last, and little Andromeda was carried off to be a smiling bride and universal favourite with a smart cavalry regiment, while another hapless poor relation was had from Ireland to handle stamps and run errands.

Let us trust that she, too, in time found her Perseus.





A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE:

THE SERVICE OF WOMANHOOD

By Ian Maclaren, author of "Beside the Bonny Brier-Bush," etc.

WHEN the Catholic Church pays semi-Divine honour to the Virgin Mary, Protestants may consider that the Catholic Church has gone too far in her respect to the Mother of Jesus; and it is interesting to notice that the worship of the Virgin rises or falls in its intensity with the thermometer, being most reserved in the North and most luxuriant in the South. But when Art in her finest period placed the Madonna with the Child Jesus, and lavished on her pure and meek loveliness a wealth both of hand and soul which fills us to-day with amazement, Art was guided by a true instinct, and wrought a great deliverance in the world, for no one can estimate what the Madonna of the altar-pieces did to safeguard the honour of women and to maintain the glory of purity. And when an ordinary man bows within his soul before his mother or his wife—as a man in his best moments does—then he acknowledges what women have done for the world since the day when Mary bore our Saviour, on to the last work of mercy or example of heroism set before the race by woman's devotion. The chief benefactor of us all has been Mary's Son; but, next to Jesus, it has been women who have redeemed and inspired humanity.



George Meredith is credited with the remark that one of the most brilliant proofs of St. Paul's genius was the dis-

covery of the service women could render in the Christian Church; and we recognize the effect of the Apostle's personal influence in Lydia, the foundress of the Christian Church in Europe; in Priscilla, who was to the learned Apollos what certain old women of Bedford were to Bunyan; in Phœbe, the deaconess and the first of a distinguished order, besides many others who flit across the pages of his correspondence, and who rendered him many a gracious service. It is, however, more than his due to ascribe this felicitous discovery to St. Paul, for, while he was still a persecutor, Dorcas had been the inventor of a world-wide charity which has afforded an innumerable number of quiet women their opportunity of service; and John Mark's mother, in whose house Apostles lodged, was the early Lady Huntingdon of the new Christian community. It is not in the Book of Acts, but in the Gospels, that one sees this new spring of benevolence opened, and begins to imagine what women may do for the world. Jesus exercised an irresistible fascination over women of all kinds—from patri- cians to peasants, from saints to sinners. Ladies of Herod's evil court supported the Master with their substance; Mary Magdalene washed His feet with her tears; two sisters provided for Him a home in Galilee, and, during the strain of Passion Week, soothed Him in the quiet of Bethany; the wife of the Roman Governor pleaded with her husband the cause of innocence; and women received His body from the Cross and laid it reverently to rest. When one remembers what women have done for Christ, one is tempted to agree with the French sentimentalist, but in a nobler sense than

he intended: "Divine power of love—sacred moments in which the passion of one possessed gave to the world a resuscitated God."

When Jesus desired a dynamic for service He found it in the latent devotion of woman's nature, and He alone of all religious masters has been able to make it burn to the highest ends. "A woman," says James Hinton, "will always love the man who says to her, 'Lay down your life,' better than the man who says, 'Take up your right.'" The Cross is a divine response to the secret and often unintelligible longing of a woman's heart; and Christianity, as an enterprise of sympathy, is designed for the culture of womanhood. For the purpose of Jesus, what we call with unconscious irony a woman's weakness, by which we mean her pity, tenderness, trust, and hopefulness, are the finest strength. Mary Carpenter, whose name is inseparably associated with ragged schools and reformatory work, writes: "O God! why hast Thou given me a woman's heart?" and the answer is: "The better to do Thy Will." For three centuries women served the world—not so much by what they did as by what they suffered. A great historian has given five causes for the success of Christianity in the first age; he might have added a sixth—the martyrdom of women. Nothing so convincing had ever before been offered as evidence for a religion or as an example to sanctify the world. "We were condemned to the sword," wrote the youthful Saint Perpetua, "and with hearts full of joy returned to our friends." Women of all classes perished by the sword or by wild beasts with patience and with joy, from Blandina, the slave, to St. Cecilia who confessed her Lord so bravely that the people,

Bathed in tears,
Confessed themselves to be like her of Christ.

Down the centuries, indeed, Christian women have moved along the Via

Dolorosa—yesterday when the well of Cawnpore was choked with the corpses of women who could have bought their own and dearer lives had they "borne to bend the knee to the false prophet"; to-day when the slum lassie, wiping the blood from her face and conquering by love, is the purest strength of the Salvation Army. From the fourth century to the end of the eighteenth women fulfilled Christ's calling,

In the silent life of prayer,
Praise, fast, and alms.

And before anyone condemns the conventual system without reserve, let him read the story of the Nuns of Port Royal and the life of La Mère Angélique, their famous Abbess. They were only a handful of Cistercian Nuns in the seventeenth century, yet these helpless women defied the united power of the Jesuits and the throne of France in their loyalty to truth; and although they were persecuted, and at last dispersed, they never yielded. Unto this religious home came soldiers, statesmen, high ladies, and men of letters; and in their defence Pascal wrote his "Provincial Letters." Angélique was herself a very lovely character, and the delicate refinement of her piety should be studied by the religious in this bustling day. "As for me," she said, "I am of the order of all the saints, and all the saints are of my order." And religion owes a debt to the Cistercian Abbess for a winsome type of pure and chastened faith.

With the developments of life the ministry of women has escaped from the limits of suffering and prayer, and become a place of "broad rivers and streams;" so that beside the history of physical invention runs the story of the ingenuity of love. When Mrs. Elizabeth Fry went down into the Inferno of Newgate to recall to womanliness a herd of degraded creatures; and when Miss Nightingale inspired the ladies of England to undertake the charge of the sick; and when Miss Carpenter wrote, in 1861, "If permitted by the orderings of the Father I

will go to India and do all I can for native women and children"; and when certain women of our day have taken up the cause of the oppressed, and have worked for the emancipation of our white slaves, they have opened up new fields of service and created new orders of chivalry which every year gain in usefulness, and add fresh names to the roll of the saints. We are beginning, perhaps a little late, to realize that if certain people in the world are to be helped they must be taken in hand by women. The service of men is limited by certain conditions of temperament and education; the service of women is a perpetually unfolding revelation—an infant science, an unexplored country. If the women of the East are to be educated and raised to their just place; if seamstresses are no longer to sing the "Song of the Shirt"; if our Magdalenes are to be gathered to Christ's feet; if working girls are to be saved from coarseness and vice; if some refinement, as well as thrift and comfort, is to be taught to working mothers—this must be the duty of their more favoured sisters.

Women have laboured under a great disability until lately. It was not that they could not vote—that does not matter much; it was that beyond their home they had hardly any work. Women of originality might force a door open, but such women can only be few. The many were left without the public call of Christ which men obey to the salvation of their life and the good of the community. That call has now come to the drawing-room as well as to the office; it comes to matrons and it comes to young girls; it comes in many forms and with many pleas, and while yesterday it was counted strange that a woman should take part in the service of Christ, to-morrow it will be counted strange if she is not allowed. Perhaps, however, the greatest work which women have done for the world and for religion has not been that of public service, but the

ministry of home. We are not so careful as we ought to be to distribute our rewards between the person who acts in life and the one who inspires. We have built Livingstone's tomb in Westminster Abbey—his wife we have left to die in the depths of the African forest! We glorify Lord William Russell in history as a noble patriot, and we forget the wife that sustained his heart. Inspiration is really more than action, and this must not be forgotten in our day of publicity. It is single men who have turned the gates of history upon their hinges and directed the destinies of the human race, and we fail to see that behind each man has stood his mother. Without a Hebrew slave woman full of faith we had not had Moses; without Hannah, with her pious imagination, we had not had Samuel, the first of the prophetic order; without Elizabeth, with her spiritual insight, we had not had John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ; without Salome, with her high religious ambitions, we had not had St. John the Divine and the friend of Jesus.

The race of mothers, who by their patience and sacrifices, by their faith and high spirit, have given great men to the world, has not been confined to the records of Holy Scripture. It has lasted from Monica, to whom we owe St. Augustine, to Susannah Wesley, to whom we owe God's apostle to England; and from Mrs. Wesley to many a woman of our own day and generation who has been the mother of scholars and of saints, and the nurse both of their learning and of their holiness. A scholar is still living, and doing good service, whose mother used to carry him, a cripple lad, upon her back every morning several miles to the parish school, and took such care of him and laboured so hard for him that he outgrew his bodily weakness and grew into a scholar of Christ. And after the death of Dr. A. B. Davidson, the master Hebraist of his day, it was told how his mother

walked nineteen miles every alternate Saturday from their country home to Aberdeen carrying the meal, eggs and butter which were to be her son's humble fare for a fortnight at the University. Thirty-eight miles back and forward—half of it with a heavy basket—was a long and weary trudge; but she had her recompense in having given a scholar to the Commonwealth. It is often supposed that one is indirectly depreciating the ability of women in saying that for most of them the best sphere of labour is home. One is really giving them the highest place, and one is paying to them a seasonable honour at Christmas time, for the first of women in the history of the race is the Mother of Bethlehem. It

is better far to be a queen, ruling men's hearts and moving them to do high things, than to be a speaker and a voter. When a woman maintains the altar fire in her own soul, when she makes the men who belong to her pure, pitiful, generous and brave, she has done her part well; and she has deserved the gratitude of the world when the man she loves—husband, brother, son, or betrothed—comes forth from her presence with this charge upon his conscience:

"My knight, my love, my knight of heaven,
Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,
And break thro' all till one will crown thee
king

Far in the spiritual city;" and as she spake
She sent the deathless passion in her eyes
Thro' him.



OUR CHRISTMAS

NO country in the world has so great reason to celebrate the Christmastide of 1902 with joy as has this Canada of ours. The year has been marked by no great disaster, no national misfortune. The Goddess Plenty has opened the windows of her storehouse and showered good things upon us. Our barns are full of wheat and other grains, and the ships of the sea are carrying our surplus to foreign lands. The bowels of the earth are yielding us gold, iron and coal in quantities limited only by our powers and our desires. Our cattle and sheep cover a thousand hills and wander in herds across the succulent foothill country. Fifty thousand men of other lands have signed the citizens' roll this year—the roll of a country in which liberty is curbed only by respect for law and order. The promise of next year is a hundred thousand, mostly sterling Anglo-Saxons from Great Britain's once banner colony, the United States.

Our banks are multiplying in number and their vaults are bulging with the deposited wealth of the people. The coffers of the Government are full to overflowing, so much so that the spenders of our national income are chagrined to find they cannot employ it all.

Truly this should be a merry Christmastide. Surely such poor and such needy, and such unfortunates as we have, will be overwhelmed with the gifts of the many who have overmuch! Surely the heart of every citizen will be filled with gratitude to the great Creator and Ruler of mankind for the blessings which He has bestowed on this new nation! And surely we may celebrate with heart and voice the anniversary of the natal day of Him who came to be an Example to all mankind!

This should indeed be a Merry, Merry Christmas.

THE GOSSAMER THREAD

By *Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald*

WINTER sunset, a winding country road, and the indefinable sense of expectancy that, even to the world-weary and the unimaginative, forms the natural atmosphere of the week before Christmas!

Adrienne was far from being world-weary, and her imagination was clear and strong; she felt to the full the magic of the season and the hour. The winding road lured her on with fairy promise, the sunset filled her with a longing as keen as homesickness, for something her thoughts could not define. A few more turns in the road would bring her to the house of "the Squire," and there she would be in the full tide of holiday preparations. Madam North would look up from her lace-work and smile her greeting, with the somewhat wistful look that Adrienne so well understood. Sylvia (whose eyes were like Hubert's) would throw impetuous arms about her and hurry her off to the great hall, where the wreath-making would be begun. Yet she lingered, and let her mind drift back to the Yule-tide of a year ago. *That* had been the close of her first year of teaching in the village of Little Emberton. She had spent her holidays then, as she was to spend them now at the Squire's. And on Christmas night, as they sat around the table at dinner, she had told for the general entertainment a curious and beautiful dream which she had dreamt the night before. It was a fantastic, complicated dream, and it was natural that they should all listen with interest while she told it, but there was surely nothing in it to account for the fact that Hubert had turned very pale and watched her face with a breathless stare. She hastened her narrative, rather disconcerted by his strange look, and then asked abruptly: "Hubert, what *is* the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," he had replied, the colour returning to his face, and a

mischievous light (or so she chose to regard it) to his eyes—"nothing in the world—except that I dreamt that same thing last night, every bit of it, *and more*. It's like Kipling's 'Brushwood Boy' story, don't you know; there must be a mysterious bond between us!"

Then, angered more than she could understand by his light tone, she answered impatiently: "A bond, indeed! It must be a gossamer thread, then, spun in a moment, and easily broken!"

But all that was a year ago, and now Hubert was in New York, winning with his pen some laurels and less gold, and they in the quiet New Brunswick country were looking forward, with varying kinds and degrees of eagerness, to his home-coming.

The sunset colours were dimmed to a faint soft blue when she entered the white gates at Northcote Hall. The griffins on the gate-post grinned down at her as she passed, and the lodge-keeper's rosy children, playing snow-balls in front of the mimic chalet, greeted "the teacher" with shy affection. As she went slowly up the avenue, the clock in the hall struck five rich musical strokes. Then the door opened—Bruno, the mastiff, rushed tumultuously to meet her, while Sylvia called and waved from the portico, "Oh, Adrienne, Adrienne, a letter from Hubert! Such a queer letter! Come in, quick, I want you to see it!"

Adrienne was hastily divested of her heavy cloak and furs, and led upstairs to the large, cosy room which Sylvia always shared with her in the holidays. Sylvia, whose forehead was gathered into a frown, pushed a deep arm-chair in front of the fire and snugly ensconced her friend therein, then thrust a letter into her hand. Adrienne half-laughing, yet alarmed, held it and looked inquiringly at Sylvia.

"Look at it," Sylvia said with emphasis; "blue paper, red ink and

the most extraordinary writing in the world! Look at it, and then read it."

"I couldn't read it *without* looking at it," murmured Adrienne flippantly, but her pale face grew a shade paler, and the hand that held the letter trembled. It certainly was an extraordinary epistle, written, as Sylvia had said, with red ink on blue paper, in very small cramped characters and decidedly crooked lines, the impression conveyed to a casual glance was surprising; to those who knew the writer its tenor was even more so.

"Dearest Sylvia,

It's more than possible that I may not get home for Christmas, but I will try to come sometime this winter. There's a lot to do to get my book finished—it's to be out for the spring sales—and I've a great many invitations, too. Heaps of love! Don't let the Mater mind, dear!

As ever, thy
HUBERT.

Excuse this scrawl, I'm in the dark.—
H. N."

When Adrienne had twice read this strange document, her eyes filled with tears, and she looked at Sylvia in hopeless bewilderment.

"What *does* it mean?" she faltered. "Why, it's not like your brother in the least!"

"So heartless," said Sylvia, excitedly, "and so snobbish! 'A lot of invitations!' Why, Hubert never cared a straw about society."

"Yet I think," said Adrienne, "that Hubert has been going to dances and dinners a good deal lately; it is quite natural (with an unconscious sigh) that he should. But let dances or dinners keep him from home at Christmas—why, he never, never could! It's preposterous!"

Now Sylvia's eyes drooped; she twitched nervously at her necklace.

"It is so *crooked*," she said, "and the letters are so uncertainly made. Do you think—could he be—he's so steady, Adrienne!"

Then Adrienne's pale face flushed indignantly, and her soft, grey eyes flashed.

"Sylvia!"

There were volumes of reproach in

the tone, and Sylvia, all her own confidence in Hubert restored by her friend's unquestioning faith, beamed at her with a look of profound relief.

"Oh, you may say what you like, and be as cross at me as you please, as long as you don't believe *that*. You are a much better judge of character than I am—but I didn't really believe it—you know—only I was frightened!"

"What does the Mater think of it?" asked Adrienne, relaxing the severity of her gaze.

"Oh, the dear Mater!" She is hurt and angry, and puzzled, just as we are—I mean, as *I am*. Honestly, Adrienne, can *you* think of nothing that may be keeping him away?"

There was a veiled significance in Sylvia's little speech which Adrienne met quite frankly.

"Nothing," she said gravely. "I have not heard from Hubert, as you know, for months; our correspondence was never regular, and—well—I had left his letters a long while unanswered, sometimes. But, Sylvia, we are only friends, you know that—and not always in perfect accord as friends. You needn't imagine he cares for me—he does not!"

"Only friends," repeated Sylvia disdainfully; "oh, yes, of course. But come, we are late for dinner, and father will be asking for you, and the Mater waiting to accuse you with a look. Let us go down!"

That night Adrienne dreamt that she was walking in the Squire's garden. It was winter, and the ground white with snow; but the rose-bushes in the oblong beds, though leafless, bore rich store of blossoms. She thought in her dream, "how strange to see flowers here in winter!" and stooped to pick one. As she gathered a great creamy bud, and began to fasten it in the lace at her neck, she realized that she was all in white, of some soft gauze-like fabric, yet she did not feel the cold at all. She was unutterably happy, as we can be sometimes in a dream.

Looking up the garden path toward the vine-covered summer-house, she saw Hubert coming toward her, with his hands held out, and walking with hesitating steps. She ran toward him in great delight and held out the rose, but he did not notice it, and then she saw that his eyes were closed. She whispered eagerly, "What is it, oh, what is it?" And he cried out in tones of entreaty, like a frightened child, "Adrienne, Adrienne, come! I am alone in the dark!" And suddenly an awful darkness settled down over the garden, and she tried to touch Hubert, but he was gone. Then she woke, sobbing, and clutching Sylvia convulsively.

11

That night Hubert sat late by the fire. His lamp was unlighted, and the fire threw weird shadows on the wall. The table beside him was littered with papers and books. A row of photographs at the back of the table leant up against the wall. His father and mother, Sylvia, two or three pretty cousins, and, side by side in the centre, Adrienne and a tall slender girl in a ball dress, with an ornament almost like a little crown in her high-piled hair. Half-a-dozen pipes and a big blue tobacco jar completed the adornment of the writing table. There were books everywhere, on the chairs, on the floor, on the bed. There was dust everywhere, too. A closet-door stood half-open, showing a dress suit, a thick overcoat, and a gay dressing gown, and on the floor along one wall stood boots, a truly wonderful array of them. This was evidently Hubert's weakness in the dress line, for there were many pairs, and all in an excellent state of preservation.

Hubert had been sitting with one elbow on the arm of his chair, and his head on his hand. Suddenly, with a long impatient sigh, he leant his head back on the cushion as if he had given up the problem that oppressed him, and gradually sank to sleep. His clear-cut features and sensitive mouth were lit with strange effect by the dancing flames.

For months he had been making a valiant struggle to prove that his move to New York was not a mistake, and to justify his faith in his own powers. His father had reminded him at the outset of his venture that there was no actual necessity for him to live by his pen, and had mildly suggested that if he had genuine literary talent it would be as well to cultivate it without the danger of being reduced to writing "pot-boilers." But restlessness, the wish to win his spurs, and more than all, the desire to make a certain quiet little lady regard him in a serious light, combined to force him away from home and into the literary vortex of a great city.

His mother, though an ardent Canadian, had been educated in New York, and he had letters of introduction to her friends that opened to him the doors of some very exclusive homes. So, though he worked hard and became known favourably to editors and publishers, he also overcame to a certain extent his dislike of general society. Indeed he overcame it to such a degree that Lillian Van Thorne, the belle of every gay assembly and daughter of his mother's oldest friend, sometimes almost obscured in his mind the thought of disdainful little Adrienne. Almost—but never quite. Then, when he found that the social diversions had been taking up too much of his time, he took to writing day and night, and was inconsequently surprised when his eyes began to give out.

Early in the autumn he consulted an oculist, who gave him careful treatment and advised entire rest. But Hubert did not realize the danger he was in, and his book was to be in the publisher's hands before Christmas. So he still worked, though more moderately. In his letters to Northcote Hall he made very light of the trouble with his eyes; a drop of pity—pity alone—from Adrienne would be more than he could stand!

And winter came, and thoughts of the snowy spruce-woods of home tugged more and more at his heart.

Then one day—it was well on in December—a sudden horrible pain shot through his eyes so that he cried out in agony—and then he could see no more. The specialist, hastily summoned, gave him small comfort. —“Nothing, absolutely nothing, could be done for some time! North must go home—must have complete mind and nerve rest;—at the end of three months, if his general health were toned up, he could return to New York, and then—well, time would tell! But they must not give up hope!—and so on, till Hubert did not know, indeed, whether to hope or to despair.

It was on that night, that awful night, that he wrote the letter to Sylvia which caused them all such uneasiness. It was born of a foolish determination not to “spoil their Christmas” by letting them know of his trouble. Afterward would be time enough, he thought, not considering that the letter itself was enough to take all the heart out of their liveliest Christmas festivities. He never knew how the dreary days passed until that evening when, worn out with fierce sorrow, he fell asleep in his chair by the lonely fire. It was the third day since he had sent his letter home; it was the night on which Adrienne dreamt of “flowers out of season.”

Now a strange thing happened, for Hubert also dreamt of the home garden. In his dream he came out of the summer house, which was covered with vines, and walked down a path all white with snow. He noticed with wonder the flowers on leafless bushes, lifting their splendid colours above the dazzling whiteness of the drifts. Then suddenly Adrienne appeared, dressed in shining white, with a gauzy veil that fluttered about her shoulders like wings. She held in her hand a rose whose creamy petals sent out a pale soft light. When she saw him, her eyes lit up with that most unmistakable and loveliest of expressions, a look which never, even in dreams, had Hubert seen in them before. She ran toward him, and he held out his arms and cried, “Adrienne, Adrienne!”

Then the awful darkness of his waking hours settled down about him, and he groped wildly, calling like a lost child, “Adrienne, Adrienne!” The effort to make her hear awoke him. He had risen from his chair and stood with outstretched hands—alone in the dark!

III

It did not take “the Squire” long to make up his mind what to do, when Adrienne, with pale face and shaken voice, had told him her dream.

“I wouldn’t think anything of it,” she faltered, if it were not for that other time—last year, you know—when Hubert and I dreamt the same thing. *That* was only a pretty, fantastic dream, but this—it seems as if it must mean something.

“Mean something!” said the Squire; “of course it does! It means that we are all upset by Hubert’s absurd letter, and naturally we dream nonsense!”

Nevertheless, he left for New York that afternoon. The clasp of his hand, the tone of his voice, the quiet strength of his personality, brought instant solace to Hubert. He could not be long in his father’s presence without the feeling that, however things went, here was something strong and cheering and unchangeable.

So it came to pass that the family group was unbroken at Yule-tide, and that all the old customs were kept, though with somewhat of an effort in the keeping. But, though the travellers reached Northcote Hall two days before Christmas, it was not until late on Christmas Day that Hubert found an opportunity of speaking to Adrienne alone.

It was the quiet hour before dinner, and the family, who had been assembled in the drawing-room, had drifted away in an apparently casual manner. First the Squire was seized with an unaccountable drowsiness, and retired to his study for a ten-minutes’ nap. Then Mrs. North became nervous as to the arrangement of the dinner-table and departed to supervise that.

A wood fire crackled and sparkled on the hearth; the wax candles on the

mantel and piano shed a soft white light. Outside, the wind roared and the snow was driven in clouds against the windows. Hubert sat alone in the bow window; Adrienne, in her white cashmere gown, stood near the fire, like a wild bird poised for flight; and Sylvia, who had been restless all day, strummed idly on the piano, trying to think of some excuse for leaving the room which would not serve Adrienne as well as herself. At last she sprang up, exclaiming: "Oh, I want to speak to father about something; I'll be back in a minute!" and departed.

Adrienne stood with down-cast eyes in a silence that she longed to break but could not. Finally, in a very small voice, which surprised herself when she heard it, she said:

"I—I think I left my handkerchief upstairs; I must run and get it."

But still she did not move, till a smothered groan from Hubert made her look up. He had risen, very pale, and stood with his hand outstretched, about to grope his way from the room. The sight swept away, somehow, pride and reserve and all her faint doubts of him; she ran towards him and clasped the outstretched hand in her little soft fingers.

"Hubert," she whispered (and the tone was an unconscious caress), "oh, what is it?"

Hubert caught her other hand, and stooped his dark head till it leaned against hers.

"What *do* these dreams mean, Adrienne—when you dislike and avoid me so?"

"Dislike!" gasped Adrienne; "dislike! Oh, Hubert, don't make fun of me!"

Then a flood of colour rushed to Hubert's pale face.

"Adrienne," he breathed (and it seemed to him he would have given ten years of his life to be able to see her face), "you must know that I love you. You must have known all this time?"

Adrienne shook her head vehemently.

"You didn't know? Why, surely I showed it plainly enough! And you—you laughed at me, you were sharp and cold and—yes, and bitter sometimes; I wondered why I couldn't help adoring you—dearest!"

Then she hid her face on his coat, and whispered:

"I truly, truly thought that you just *liked* me a little, and—I was afraid you would guess; I was afraid you knew that I—"

"That you? Say it, Adrienne!"

"That I—that I—loved, loved, loved you—dear!"

"And it is more than 'a gossamer thread' that binds you, after all," the Squire said—some hours later, when a quietly happy group was gathered around the fire, while the storm shrieked more fiercely than ever without.

"It is something much stronger than gossamer," said Hubert, clasping closely the little hand that could lead him to all enchanted lands; "it is such stuff as dreams are made of."

LIFE'S SWEETEST SWEET

WITH all the blessings from above
The gods in generous bounty give;
'Tis infinitely sweet to live,
But sweeter still to live and love.

Peter Johnson

THE ACTING MANAGER

A STORY OF BANKING LIFE

By Philip Marche

AS every Canadian knows, the Gibraltar Bank is a colossal institution with branches scattered profusely in every Province of the Dominion, and enjoying a reputation for solidity equal to that historic Rock from whence it selected its name. To belong to its service is an honour eagerly coveted, and the managers of its branches are a power in the land.

John Durram ranked among the younger of these managers; but although his experience as administrator of the affairs of a branch was short, he had succeeded in creating at his head office a very favourable impression as to his capability and worth. When, therefore, the Gibraltar's manager in the chief city of an important Province sought and obtained a year's leave to recruit his health, the general manager announced to the branches by circular that Mr. John Durram, whose signature was already known to them, would take charge of the branch during the manager's absence.

The acting manager had entered upon his new duties some weeks ago, and had been directing his energies towards obtaining a thorough knowledge of his office and its customers before issuing forth to take an active part in the deadly strife perpetually waged among the different banks for the business which the city and district had to offer. He nevertheless found time to drop round occasionally for a smoke and a chat with his cousin and school chum, Murray Clarke, who had lately married an Eastern belle and was comfortably settled in a lovely home by the side of the river.

"I suppose you haven't got married yourself because you think 'He travels the fastest who travels alone.' Is that the reason?"

The question came from Mrs. Clarke and was addressed to Durram.

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Clarke, you don't think I'm posing for an empire builder, do you?"

"Like Cecil Rhodes? Wasn't he grand? If I were a man I'd love to be like him."

"If you had been a man what would Murray have done?" asked Durram, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"Taken the next girl that came along, I guess. You men are all alike."

They were interrupted by her husband, who had been called out on business, and had just returned.

"Well, my dear, John looks as if he was about dying for some of that Glenlivet. Hand the decanter over here, will you?"

"One word for Mr. Durram and two for yourself," rejoined his wife, pushing over the vessel.

Clarke poured out a man's horn each for himself and Durram, added some soda, and pulled his chair up to the table to join the group.

"I say, Helen, I've some news for you. You remember George Milliard? He's coming here to live."

"You don't say! He's the queerest man, Mr. Durram. Rich, and knows all about business, but can no more see through a joke than a brick wall. But what's he going to do here, Murray?"

"Start up a big elevator and milling business."

Clarke turned to Durram and continued: "It's to be called The Prairie Mills, Limited. Hallman, Senator Lockridge, and Brown—of Brown & Jones—are interested, as well as Milliard. There are to be any number of elevators and two or three mammoth mills. It will be a grand account for a bank; they will borrow between five hundred thousand and a million."

The two men sat and discussed the

new enterprise, and the prospect of getting the account for the Gibraltar. Clarke was a Gibraltar customer but had not interested himself in the bank's welfare prior to his cousin's coming.

Mrs. Clarke occupied herself with an illustrated magazine and only listened to snatches of their conversation. She paid enough attention, however, to learn that the manager who succeeded in capturing the business would likely receive very substantial marks of appreciation from his headquarters. Apart from the fact that her husband was so interested, she liked Durram and wished him well.

Finally the visitor got up to go, apologizing for devoting so much of the evening to "shop." But his hostess assured him that she didn't mind; that she knew the occasion was important; and that she had been interested too, although she didn't know enough about business to talk it.

"Have another drink before you go, old man," said Clarke, again filling the two glasses. "Helen, will you join us?"

Mrs. Clarke said water was good enough for her, and poured some from a pitcher standing on the sideboard. The trio stood around the table. Clarke raised his glass.

"The Gibraltar's new account."

"I hope so," said Durram as the glasses were drained.

On his way to his hotel and while undressing for bed the banker allowed himself to dream dreams and see visions. Starting with the successful handling of the matter in hand, he read imaginary letters of congratulation and approval from his general manager, saw his salary increased and himself launched upon a meteoric career of advancement, ending by his occupying the chair of the chief executive, and then, far down in the lane of years, retiring by way of the presidency into a well-earned and reposeful private life.

These dreams and fancies companioned him till he awoke the next day. That they were begotten of Clarke's "Scotch," and not founded on fact or

reason, was soon demonstrated. He sent out for Hallman, one of the promoters of the new concern, who was a Gibraltar customer, and whom he counted an ally. He was rudely disillusionized. Hallman bore a grudge against the bank for something Durram's predecessor had done, and while it was not of sufficient consequence to cause him to take away his business, it was quite enough to quench any enthusiasm he had ever entertained for the bank. Durram's advances were received with an exasperating coolness and indifference, and he was given to understand that the Gibraltar had a very poor chance of getting the coveted new account.

The announcement of the new undertaking was the signal for the commencement of a hot campaign. All the banks entered the contest, and a veritable network of intrigue and wire-pulling was at once in full swing, such as would have done credit to an European court of the eighteenth century. All wanted the account, down to the little Banque de St. Denis whose manager wrote to the promoters saying, "We take the honour to say that we would be pleased if you shall give us a part of the account of Prairie Mills, Ltd. Of the sum required we have to offer you \$25,000."

It was soon apparent that the decision would rest with Milliard. When Durram mentioned to Clarke the result of his conversation with Hallman, Clarke had replied that he had a string on Hallman, and that Hallman would be all right. The string was pulled "good and hard," and Hallman made the "right about" at once, and became an active Gibraltar man. Brown was a zealous partizan of the Bank of the Commonwealth. All that was known about Milliard's attitude was that his private account in the East was with the Britannia Bank, and the presumption was that he would be inclined to favour the local branch of that institution. His was the predominant interest, but until he arrived it was impossible to say with certainty whom he would favour. Senator

Lockridge took no interest in the matter whatever. He was an old man, and content to leave everything to his colleagues.

Time passed. It had come out that the account would not be divided, but would be given to one bank, in its entirety. This had the effect of shaking out the small institutions, and leaving the Gibraltar, the Britannia, the Commonwealth and another; but the strife, far from lessening, became the fiercer. Milliard had arrived, but had given no outward sign of partiality, it being his game to take advantage of the rivalry to get the best possible terms. Rumours of all kinds were rife. The interest in the question spread from the inner circles of banking and finance to social and club life, and the whole city exercised itself about what bank would get the Prairie Mills account. Bets were laid and taken, and people took sides as during an election. It was said that the Commonwealth had offered to return to the company ten per cent. of the profit made on the account at the end of every year; that the Britannia would pay the salaries of a part of the company's office staff; and other stories, equally absurd and improbable, were freely circulated and readily believed.

Clarke worked like a Trojan, and was as much excited over the business as Durram himself. Mrs. Clarke caught the infection from her husband, but could find no means of helping. Although she and Milliard came from the same town they had had very little to do with one another. Milliard was not a ladies' man, and did not shine in polite society. Clarke, for his part, had not much use for him.

One day Hallman sent Milliard to the bank to have a talk with Durram. Unknown to Durram negotiations were getting dangerously advanced between Milliard and the Britannia. Durram thought the battle was yet in its infancy, and did not wish to have his trump card—his final rate—forced too early in the game. Milliard wanted to get straight quotations from all the banks and then to settle the question.

The interview, therefore, resolved itself into a sparring match.

After a few preliminaries Durram asked:

"How about the account? Any nearer a decision?"

"We have some good offers, but have done nothing yet."

"Waiting till all the tenders are in, I suppose?" a little ironically.

"If the Gibraltar would only send in its tender we would settle the question very quickly."

"You know that we can do as well as any of them in the matter of rates, and that none can give you a better assurance of being able to carry you through good times or bad."

"Yes, yes, I know the Gibraltar is a great bank, but you don't come out very definitely about your rates."

"You don't tell me what rates you want."

"That wouldn't do. I'd rather know your offer first."

"And have one of the others shade it?"

"You can depend on my keeping it quiet and giving you fair play."

"And you can depend on our doing as well as the rest of them."

And thus it ended. Durram was unable to get any information as to what the others had offered; and Milliard as to what the Gibraltar would do. He left the bank somewhat irritated by this sparring and fencing, and had pretty well made up his mind to give the account to his own bank, the Britannia. It had made him a good offer and he intended, unless the Gibraltar offered better, to go there.

Things were in this state when a grand ball was given in the Horticultural Hall. Milliard's coadjutors and other prominent business men with whom he had become acquainted, pressed him to go, as it was to be a public and exceptional affair, and all the high government, military, and civic personages would be present. There were also some distinguished visitors in the city who were expected to attend. Now Milliard did not find comfort at social functions, and he

made it a practice to avoid them whenever possible; but as he considered it politic to put in an appearance in this case, he reluctantly donned his evening suit and sallied forth—regarding it as a disagreeable necessity.

The dance is woman's court. Here she holds her triumphs. She "reigns here and revels." And who shall blame her? Do we not know that many a weary heart would break under the strain of a dull monotonous life were it not for the distraction afforded by these pleasure gatherings, the bustle of preparing for them, and the joy of afterwards discussing them?

Mrs. Clarke was a general favourite. She had pleasing, patrician features and a superb figure; danced divinely and untiringly; and her conversation overflowed with wit and vivacity. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the men eagerly sought the privilege of having their names inscribed upon her tablets. To-night was no exception to the rule. She had been particularly happy in her toilet, and appeared at her very best. The Lieutenant-Governor's household, officers of the garrison, and the beaux elite of the city fluttered about her. The distinguished visitors put up their eye-glasses, stared at her in their well-bred way, said "By Jove!" and asked who she was; then made haste to join the crowd of suitors.

The festivity was in full swing. Milliard was standing alongside a prominent citizen watching the dancers. His own accomplishments in that line did not extend beyond a rather crude performance of the Lancers.

As Milliard gazed at the scene, and noticed the wealth of admiration bestowed upon Mrs. Clarke, his attention became more and more fixed upon this "Queen Rose" in the garden. He began to see that life did hold something worth striving for besides store of gold; and to have a vague suspicion that in giving his whole attention to its pursuit he had overlooked treasures quite as precious, enjoyed by Tom, Dick and Harry—the love of woman, a place that could be called

home, and the pleasure that comes from sinking self in a life-time's devotion to another self. In brief, the heart of this man of flint, this disciple of Mammon, was in a state bordering dangerously near the sentimental; and the music, the perfumed air, the shaded lights—delicately coloured—and the mysteriously subtle influence exerted by a crowd of people intent on pleasure, all combined to reduce him to a strangely susceptible condition.

He knew Mrs. Clarke but slightly, notwithstanding that they came from the same town. The pursuit of riches had occupied his whole time, and he had none left for society. Clarke, he barely knew. When, therefore, Mrs. Clarke, who was promenading with an English lord, stopped opposite him and shook hands—it being the first time she had seen him since his arrival—he was knocked endways, so to speak. Such a mark of gracious condescension from the reigning beauty was indeed very flattering and gratifying. He was stimulated to attempt a compliment, wretchedly conceived and awkwardly delivered, but which was graciously received. Encouraged by his success Milliard ventured a bolder flight.

"I suppose it would be useless to ask for the honour of a dance?"

"You can never tell. You better try."

"Oh," (with a clumsy bow) "may I have the pleasure?"

She curtsied an affirmative.

"I can give you number nine—the next but one—a two-step."

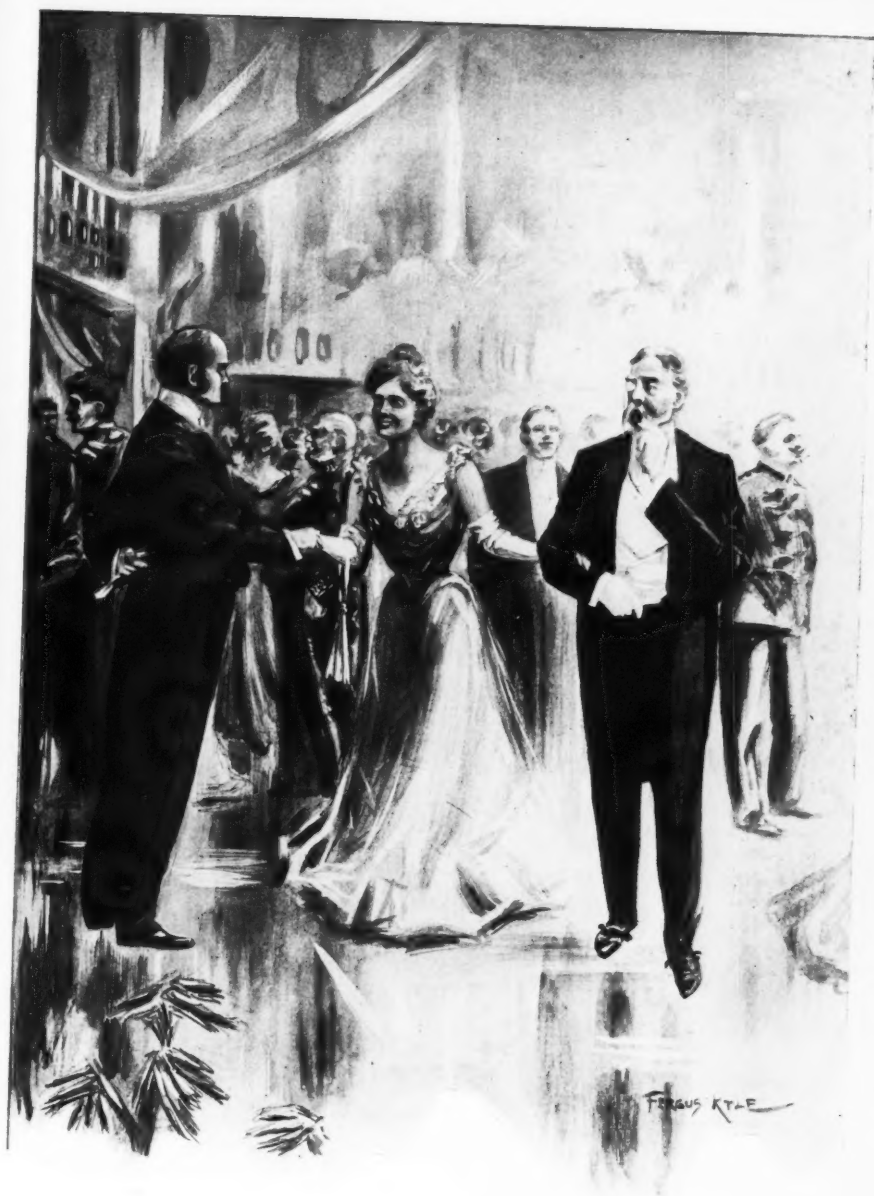
Here Milliard remembered that he knew no more about the two-step than he did about the war dance of the Patagonians, and he confessed as much to his prospective partner.

"Then we'll sit it out," she replied.

"You are sure you don't mind sitting out?"

Assuring him to the contrary, Mrs. Clarke led away the astonished Englishman, who was none too well pleased at being temporarily relegated to an inconspicuous place.

The swish and rustle of the dancers



DRAWN BY FERGUS KYLE

"Such a mark of gracious condescension"

continued, the music swelled and diminished, the numbers passed—all too rapidly for some—and nine came round. Milliard sought his partner. It was not a difficult task to find her. She was surrounded by a distinguished throng—indulging in gay raillery and jest, and dealing blow for blow and thrust for thrust with the keenest wits in the land.

She joined him at once, and proposed that they go for their talk to a curtained-off nook of which she knew. Milliard was nothing loth.

When they had got comfortably settled, and after she had asked after some of her acquaintance in the East, she said to him:

"I didn't expect to see *you* here, Mr. Milliard. I thought your time was too valuable to waste on frivolity. You never would go to anything at home!"

"It's not altogether a waste of time. My partners thought it might be 'good business' for me to come."

Ignoring the boorishness disclosed by this explanation, she nodded her head knowingly.

"Ah! I see. A stroke of policy? I have so often heard the men say that you could give them all lessons in that."

This was an attack on his most vulnerable point. Mrs. Clarke thought she knew her man.

Milliard was tickled—almost as much as if he had been patted on the chin, and it was with a fatuous smile that he replied:

"I do usually gain my end. You know there is a lot in knowing how to manage men."

She thought: "What insufferable conceit?" but she said: "I'm sure there is, and you have been so successful in everything. I think women just adore men who can command their fellows," and she looked at him admiringly.

What wonder that after a little more of this, Milliard became as dough in her hands. The unaccustomed scene, the sensation of being *tête-à-tête* with the most beautiful woman in the room, her openly expressed admiration of

what he most prided himself on, speedily effected the result which was from the first as inevitable as death and taxes.

Her conquest was complete, but, as if to make assurance doubly sure, at this moment they were interrupted by a gilded youth, who came confidently to claim what he said was "Ours, isn't it, Mrs. Clarke?" But she told him that he must have made a mistake, and that she was engaged to Mr. Milliard for this. Whereat the gilded youth retired much discomfited, and Milliard's chest went out like a pouter pigeon's. After this, feeling that delicate art and finesse would be wasted on him, she fairly jerked the conversation round to the matter of the Prairie Mills.

"Tell me, Mr. Milliard, about your company and the banks. We are all so interested in the manœuvring. What bank is in the lead now?"

But Milliard protested that business was secret and that he couldn't tell her that.

"But I am not the Public. Surely you don't think I would tell? Is it the Britannia Bank?"

Milliard was silent.

His interlocutor continued:

"It is the Britannia. Isn't it now?"

He did not answer, but she could tell by his look that she had hit it. Her manner changed. In an indignant tone she said:

"And you mean to tell me that you think of going to them? I can't see how you could have anything to do with that nasty Mr. Belairs."

Milliard ventured to remark that he thought Mr. Belairs, who was the local manager of the Britannia, very nice.

"Oh, but you are a stranger, and you don't know him. He isn't—a bit. Not nearly as nice as Mr. Durram. Have you met Mr. Durram?" (sweetly).

"The manager of the Gibraltar? Yes."

"I want you to do something for me, Mr. Milliard. Will you?"

Milliard thought that he would—almost anything, but before he could

find a phrase that would adequately express his readiness to serve, she continued:

"I want you to promise to go to the Gibraltar," and she looked at him imploringly.

This was asking a good deal—perhaps more than she knew—and the business instincts of her victim rebelled. There was a struggle between this new influence that had so suddenly dominated him, and the man's nature; and the latter gained the upperhand for the moment. He forced himself to say:

"But we can do better at the Britannia!"

"That doesn't matter. I want you to promise to go to the Gibraltar."

Milliard sat undecided and hesitating. They could hear the music strike up another dance—the Lancers, which Mrs. Clarke knew he danced. Leaning closer to him she said:

"Come, Mr. Milliard, I'll give you the Lancers. That will be three in a row—something that no man, except my husband, has ever had since I have been married. *Now* will you promise?"

Milliard struck his flag and surrendered unconditionally just as Clarke came to seek his wife. She said: "Murray, I'm going to dance this with Mr. Milliard. The next is our waltz, I think."

Let no man say that it was a thing of little worth for which Milliard bartered the bank account of the "Prairie Mills, Ltd." The pages of history are full of instances of whole kingdoms going to purchase a woman's smile. King Herod was no fool; and the un wisdom and impolicy of granting Herodias' request must have been fully apparent to him. And who was Milliard that he should resist a greater than Herodias—greater in that the accumulated wiles and arts of nineteen centuries have since been added to the armoury of woman's charms?

As Milliard laboured through the square dance with his beautiful partner, she was graciousness itself to him. Some people who did not know her very well, whispered a little. The English lord adjusted and readjusted his monocle, and wondered what it was

that gave that insufferable bounder an honour for which *he* had sued in vain.

That night his wife gave Murray the particulars of her flirtation. He laughed till his sides ached, but was greatly pleased at her success. He knew that Milliard's word, once passed, was as good as an underlying bond.

It is needless to say that Durram was overjoyed at thus getting the great prize he had striven for without being obliged to cut all the profit from his rates. He had the great pleasure of sending down to his head office a document in which the Prairie Mills, Limited, bound itself to keep its whole account with the Gibraltar Bank; to circulate its notes and to further its interests whenever possible—in return for a credit of seven hundred thousand dollars.

The next time Durram called at Clarke's he had been preceded by a magnificent silver dinner service, which he and Clarke had been admiring in the show cases of a leading jeweller. This time it was he, not Clarke, who proposed the toast for the parting glass of Scotch, and the subject was the fair diplomatist whose efforts had given the Gibraltar its new account.

Of course the general manager and the directors of the bank were gratified by this important accession of business, and they showed their appreciation by promoting Durram from "Acting" Manager to Manager, with a generous increase in salary to boot.

In conclusion, good reader, we would have you believe that the relations between the Prairie Mills and the Gibraltar Bank proved unbrokenly happy and harmonious; even as the old-fashioned story-books teach us is the case when the wooing of a maid by a man culminates in holy matrimony—but always with this difference: that whereas the man and the maid cannot reasonably expect their earthly happiness to last beyond the space of a human lifetime, the wedded life of these two corporations might go on—like Tennyson's brook—for ever; at least till wheat ceases to grow in the Northwest, and the children of men cease their borrowings of banks.

OUR WINTER NIGHT SKIES

FOURTH AND LAST PAPER

By Elsie A. Dent

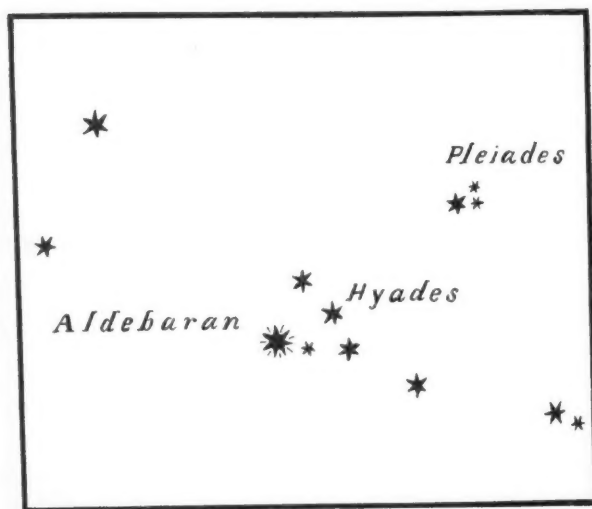
ALTHOUGH Our Lady of the Snows enters this month upon her most rigorous season, the December evenings will be found to be among the finest in the year for star-study. They are seldom uncomfortably cold; often, indeed, they are as mild as those of October, and the stars shine with a clear, clean-cut brilliance such as the warmer evenings seldom give. The prudent observer, who takes reasonable precautions to avoid a chill from the often damp ground by donning overshoes and warm wraps, will find the half-hour just after nine o'clock under the stars to be entirely enjoyable.

Below the Pleiades the bright star Aldebaran is shining, the fierce right eye of Taurus, by the Greeks believed to represent the gentle milk-white bull in whose guise Jupiter masqueraded in order to attract the attention of the

Phœnician Princess, Europa, as she wandered with her maids in her father's meadows. The beautiful docile animal so delighted the lovely girl that, after patting and feeding him, she mounted his back for a ride about the meadow, whereupon he straightway made off with her to the seashore, and swam across the Mediterranean to the new continent which has ever since borne her name. The constellation is chiefly remarkable for the first-magnitude orange-coloured star Aldebaran, and the two star-groups of the Pleiades and the Hyades, the latter of which is V-shaped and forms the face of the bull. The Hyades were sisters of the Pleiades, who so mourned for the death of their brother Hyas that they pined away and died. After death they were placed among the stars, and the ancients supposed that the vernal setting and autumnal rising

of the tearful Hyades were attended with much rain. Tennyson, in *Ulysses*, says "Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades vext the dim sea," and Johnson's *Dictionary* actually defines the word "Hyades" as "a watery constellation."

Orion, probably the most imposing constellation in the heavens, is now well above the eastern horizon. The two bright stars at the upper angles of the kite-shaped figure



THE CONSTELLATION OF TAURUS

mark the shoulders and the two in the lower angles the right knee and the left foot of the mighty hunter, who, brandishing a club, is in conflict with the bull.

"Those three stars of the airy giant's zone

That glitter, burnished by the frosty dark,

are easily recognized. Betelgeuse, the first-magnitude star in the right shoulder, and Rigel, of the same magnitude, with its lovely companion, in the left

foot, are great blazing suns beside which our own would be inconspicuous. The star Theta (θ) marks the heart of the finest nebula in the sky, known as the Great Nebula in Orion. The opera glass shows little more than the whitish nebulous glow visible to the naked eye, but in a fine telescope its splendour is beyond description. Theta is sextuple, and seems to be much involved in the mass of glowing world-stuff which reaches out over a considerable part of the constellation.

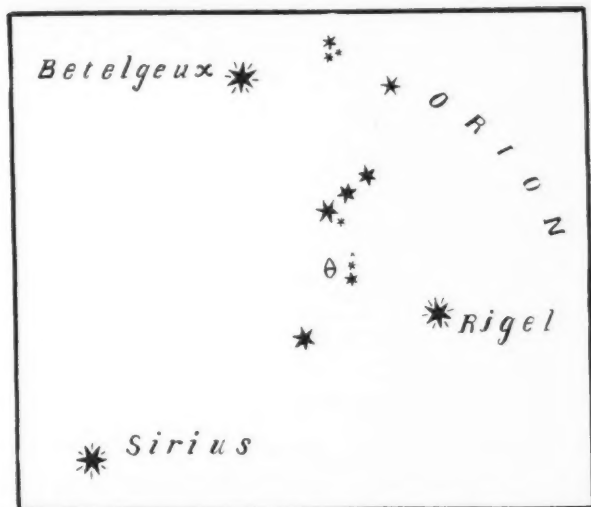
"Regions of lucid matter taking forms,

Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms

Of suns and starry streams."

Flammarion, the great French astronomer, says that "It may be . . . that these six stars are in reality completely independent of each other, situated at immense distances and depths, but being on the line of sight very near together, they appear to us collected in one plane. Nevertheless there are probabilities in favour of the opinion which considers this sextuple star as an actual system, especially when we see that the movement be-

longing to the principal star is shared by the five others." The best time for observing the Great Nebula this month will be during the absence of the moon on the evenings preceding and following the 29th. Orion was a splendid-looking young giant, enormous in height and strength, and when he asked in marriage the daughter of the king of Chios, the father, not daring to refuse, imposed what he believed to be an impossible condition—that Orion should first rid the island of wild beasts. This accomplished, Orion demanded the maiden for his bride, but the father drugged him with wine and then, taking advantage of his condition, blinded and left him lying helpless on the seashore. When he awoke from his stupor and became aware of his misfortune his distraction and grief were at first uncontrollable, but as his passionate mood spent itself and a hopeless calm succeeded, voices came to him, and from the sea, from the hills, from the very rocks they whispered, "Get thee up to the hills and thou shalt behold the morning." A friendly guide led him to the mountain-top and turned him so that the



THE CONSTELLATION OF ORION

first rays of the rising sun should fall full on his face.

"He, intent, leaned towards the gates
of dawn
With suppliant face, unseeing, and the wind
Blew back from either brow his hair and
cooled
His eyes that burned with that so foul dis-
honour
Late wrought upon them, whispering many
things
Into his inmost soul. Sudden the day
Brake full. The healing of its radiance fell
Upon his eyes, and straight his sightless eyes
Were opened. All the morning's majesty
And mystery of loveliness lay bare
Before him; all the limitless blue sea
Brightening with laughter many a league
around,
Wind-wrinkled, keel-uncloven, far below,
And far above the bright sky-neighbouring
peaks."

Several efforts have been made to change the name of this constellation. In the early part of the last century it was proposed to commemorate the victories of Nelson by giving it his name, while in 1807 the University of Leipzig resolved that it should be thenceforth known as "the Constellation of Napoleon." It is not prob-

able, however, that the old name, the one by which it has been known for centuries, certainly from the time of Job, will ever be dropped in favour of any modern designation.

Sirius, the Dog Star, not far to the south, is incomparably the brightest in the heavens, flashing and scintillating like a great jewel. This mighty sun is famous in all mythology, but in Egypt, where its rising at sunset heralded the annual flooding of the Nile, it was held in special reverence. Four hundred years before our era its rising corresponded with the hottest season of the year, hence the origin of "the dog days." The constellation is known as Canis Major.

Procyon, the chief star in Canis Minor, the Little Dog, lies north of Sirius. It is not to be compared with Sirius in magnificence, but it is a very pretty yellow star. The authorities tell such contradictory stories respecting the origin of this canine, that perhaps we had better regard him, as someone has said, as "just a stray sky-terrier."

North of Orion two bright stars are rising, Castor and Pollux, in the Constellation of "starry Gemini," a most interesting group to the opera glass astronomer, small attendants appearing for many of the larger stars. The contrast in colour between Castor and Pollux will be noted when the glass is turned on them, Castor shining with a white light and Pollux with a yellow glow. Castor and Pollux were twin sons of Jupiter, who were regarded as mighty



THE GREAT NEBULA OF ORION

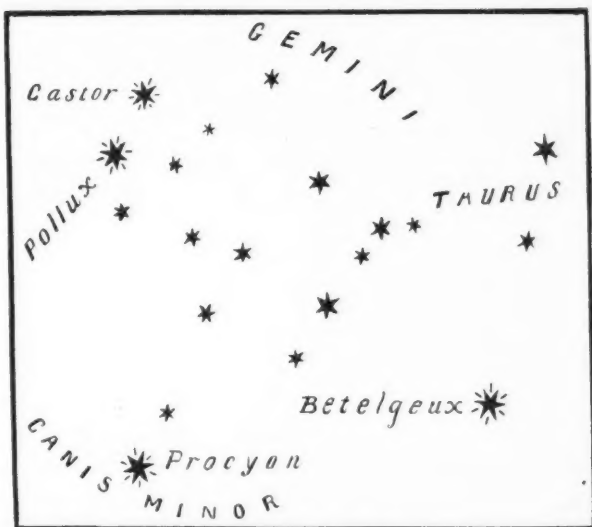
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY, CALIFORNIA

helpers of men, and as the protectors especially of seamen and voyagers by sea, Neptune having rewarded their great love for one another by giving them power over wind and wave. It will be remembered that Paul set sail in a ship of Alexandria "whose sign was Castor and Pollux." There are occasionally seen at sea certain lambent flames, an electrical phenomenon, playing about the mast-head and yard-arms of vessels, which are even yet called by their names.

"Safe comes the ship to haven
Through billows and through gales,
If once the great Twin Brethren
Sit shining in the sails."

Between Pegasus and Vega on the Milky Way lies the Constellation of Cygnus, the Flying Swan, containing the famous Northern Cross, along which Perrine's Comet passed in October last. The form of the Cross is quite distinct, the stars Alpha (α), Beta (β), Epsilon (ϵ), Delta (δ) and Gamma (γ), outlining the figure. Beta in the foot of the Cross, also known as Albireo, is one of the finest orange and blue doubles in the sky. These beautiful companions may be seen with the aid of a very good opera glass. The star Omicron (\omicron) Cygni has a small companion near it. Turn the glass upon Omicron and see it divide into two; then, if a stronger glass be at hand, examine the double again and see the larger member of the pair divide.

The Milky Way, often called "the Galaxy," is that lovely, filmy drapery of star-mist festooned across the sky.

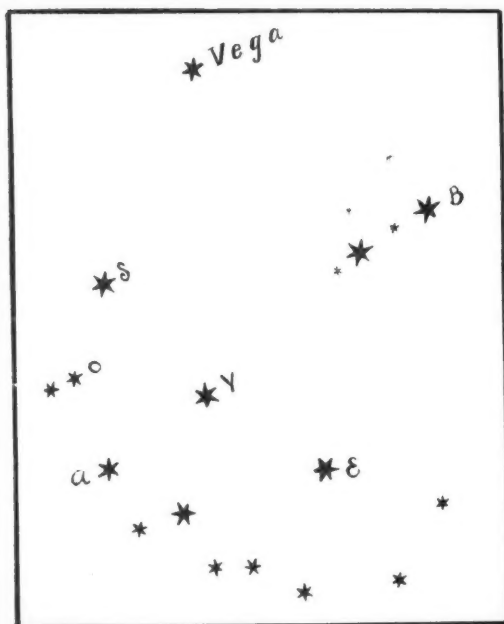


THE CONSTELLATION OF GEMINI

It has had many names and many are the legends of its origin. The Ottawa Indians, it is said, thought it was muddy water stirred up by a turtle as it swam along the bottom of the sky. The Greeks called it the "Pathway of the Gods" and the "River of Heaven." The marvels to be found in this wonderful stream of stars and nebulae are apparently limited only by the capacity of the instrument employed. Higher and higher magnifying power fails to sound the star depths, a task which the photographic plate carries on with splendid results when the telescope has reached the limit of its powers. And what is revealed? Only that the sky is studded with millions of such systems as our own, the universe appearing to be actually boundless. The stars powder the sky like golden sand, with here and there nebulae, clusters and star-systems innumerable, and on scales of magnitude beyond the human intellect to realize,

"bound

Together by that law which holds the stars
In palpitating cosmic passion bright;
By which the very sun enthralled the earth,
And all the waves of the world faint to the moon."



THE CONSTELLATION OF CYGNUS

"And if there should be
Worlds greater than thine own, inhabited
By greater things, and they themselves far
more
In number than the dust of thy dull earth,—
What wouldst thou think?"

Surely in so magnificent a universe this small planet of possibly a fifth rate or twentieth rate sun is not the only body on which intelligent beings may live. It would be unreasonable to think that the Creator singled out this insignificant earth alone for the development of life. There must be life elsewhere, not, perhaps, as we know life, but life suited to other conditions, as life is suited to varying conditions on this planet.

"Have ye not secrets, ye refulgent spheres,
No sleepless listner of the starlight hears?
In vain the sweeping equatorial pries
Through every world-sown corner of the
skies,
To the far orb that so remotely strays
Our midnight darkness is its noonday blaze;
In vain the climbing soul of creeping man
Metes out the heavenly concave with a span,
Tracks into space the long-lost meteor's trail,

And weighs an unseen planet
in the scale;
Still o'er their doubts the wan-
eyed watchers sigh,
And Science lifts her still unan-
swered cry:
'Are all these worlds, that
speed their circling flight,
Dumb, vacant, soulless,—baw-
bles of the night?
Warmed by God's smile and
wafted by his breath,
To weave in ceaseless round
the dance of Death?
Or rolls a sphere in each ex-
panding zone
Crowned with a life as varied as
our own?'"

DECEMBER PREDICTIONS

The moon will be full on the 14th of the month and new on the 29th.

Jupiter and Saturn are still evening stars, quite near the western horizon at sunset.

Venus will be an evening star before Christmas-time, and glowing over the sunset. Owing to the fact that she lies nearer to the sun than the

earth, she is usually observed to the best advantage in the evening hours or before sunrise. Her atmosphere is so densely filled with vapour that it is a question whether her surface has ever been really seen from the earth, though faint markings, which are supposed to be the crests of mountain ranges, are occasionally observed. Venus is about as large as the earth, and probably resembles her in her physical features.

Mars rises soon after midnight a little north of east, and is on the meridian at sunrise.

There is a splendid collection of first-magnitude stars visible in the heavens during the December evenings. In the east we have Sirius and Procyon on the horizon, Castor, Pollux, Capella, Aldebaran, Betelgeuse and Rigel, and in the west Fomalhaut, Altair and Vega. There are also many fine stars of the second magnitude, such as the five in Orion, seven in the Dipper, Algol, and others.

THE ART OF HOMER WATSON

A LEADING CANADIAN LANDSCAPE ARTIST

By Katherine Hale

A STRIKING figure among the little band of Americans—in the best and authentic sense of the word American—who form a genuinely native school of art, is Homer Watson, a Canadian whose name is already associated with the best masters of an older age in his chosen line of landscape painting, and who, it is safe to predict, will carry far the fame of his country by the right of work that is strong, distinctive and true.

While the American, and this includes the Canadian, connoisseur of modern landscape is certainly aware of the art of Homer Watson, to the dilettante he is only a name to be spoken of vaguely with Horatio Walker and

that lot. To the general public it may be that he is not even a name as yet, although in England he has for nearly a decade been placed among the foremost landscape painters of whom James Mavor, in an estimate of his work, recently remarked: "It is perhaps not too much to say that not half a dozen modern painters, Rousseau, Diaz and a few others, compare with Mr. Watson in his knowledge of tree structure and in his capacity to render it with admirable artistic effect."

In various English galleries and in certain famous private collections, Mr. David Croal Thomson at Agnews, Mr. Alexander Young of Blackheath—one of the foremost collectors of England—



CANADIAN WOODLANDERS—BY HOMER WATSON

OWNED BY JAMES ROSS, ESQ., MONTREAL

and others, the work of Watson has found its place, and the slow, difficult English recognition is a fact accomplished. That enthusiastic America is not yet "aware" is a matter of no unhappiness to Mr. Watson, who is strangely averse to publicity, and has indeed with deliberate intention chosen the most impenetrable solitude it is possible to obtain, the solitude of a prosperous, agricultural, art-forsaken corner of Canada. In the untamed



HOMER WATSON

West or the picturesque East, at the Isle of Orleans or round about Quebec, "atmosphere" may be had for the seeking, but the man who is by far the most significant figure in the art of this country, whom I do not hesitate to say will leave his impression on the art of America, has deliberately turned his back on the enticement of the picturesque to seek nature lodged in an unexciting wilderness.

In the art gallery of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo last summer a good many visitors found themselves

returning again and again to gaze at a little group of pictures hung (amid many enormities, I grant) in the "Canadian Room." These were "Crossing the Ford," "Moonlight," "The Meadow" and "Through the Woods," by Homer Watson. I used to go and look at them filled with the radiance of Sargent or the mysticism of Innes, and, forgetting comparative art, forgetting all things else, would return straightway to nature, to the far-off *bois epais*, to the glades dark and lonely, to a summer world of forest or the divine mystery of trees in moonlight, to a quiet genius which spoke of much knowledge and much love. Homer Watson won a gold medal from the Buffalo Exposition, which means little to him. But he also won the chance detection of a few discerning critics, to whose prophecies no artist would be altogether indifferent.



In the meantime few are the passionate pilgrims that make their way to Doon.

It was an amber day in October, when with a sense of adventure we set out for that village; the kind of day when, as Mowbray says, "Nature holds a bit of yellow glass to our eyes till, like children, we catch a glimpse of the golden ages." Doon, nestling somewhere near the heart of Ontario, is get-at-able by a "local" train, when it resolves itself into a station-house and half a hundred cottages. The other Doon is the one you reach by driving along the country lanes, and following snake fences, and watching for brown glimpses of the guiding River Grand; a way that seems to lead into narrow, misty, sun-riven recessions of the echoing, forsaken, withered woods. Certain stubble fires announce civilization, a sudden wayside group of dirty little baggy-kneed Doukhobor children scatter like chickens before the horses' feet—and here is Doon; a village set in trees, which climbs a shaggy hill and goes carelessly down the other side, which looks at itself in mill-ponds



COUNTRY ROAD, STORMY DAY—BY HOMER WATSON

OWNED BY ANDREW WILSON, ESQ., MONTREAL.

lying like black-backed hand-glasses here and there, and tells the time by an ancient clicking water-wheel that wears the hours away. To the left on the straggling village street is a charming old stone house in the last stages of decay, enwoven in vines and orchard-set. Convinced that it is our Mecca we turn for confirmation to a respectable citizen on the sidewalk.

"Last house to the right, stranger,"

spaces that are wide, or a low sky of leaves, Scotch impressions into which the gravity of the moors has crept, forests obviously French in feeling; and always, as the *raison d'être* of each landscape, the tree — the "sweet, burly-barked, man-bodied tree," which has wrought the design of his knowledge till it would seem that the human figure is almost jealously suppressed. Lanier-like, he is a poet of the trees,



NOVEMBER IN THE CLEARING—BY HOMER WATSON

THE ORIGINAL OF THIS WAS THIS YEAR HUNG *on the line* ON THE WALLS OF THE NEW ART CLUB OF LONDON, ENG.

he says decisively, and disappointed we drive on.

My painter will not pose even in his habitation, which is square, weather-tight, conventional—and warm enough in winter I dare say. The studio is small, shabby and workworn. Its pictures are like windows on the forest world. There they were, piled about regardless; lovely landscapes, which the most untrained eye must declare true. Canadian woods by day and night, emerald twilights and soft dusks of wood-aisles in the noonday fire,

and has loved them, lived with them, learned of them all his life, until from intimacy has grown tremendous power.

"How you avoid a sense of ego in all this," I said, turning from *bois épais* to my host, "and with all your restraint how the intangible individuality will escape!"

"Yet," he answered, "this personality which counts for so much in one's work is a thing we take no account of generally. It is because if in painting I kept in view of myself, work would become self-conscious. It is when we

forget ourselves that work goes on at its best; and this gets to be a habit."

"You should take your place in American art, Mr. Watson," I remarked impatiently.

"By which you would suggest an exhibition in New York?" he asked, with a shrug which means, I fear, indifference. "Yet American art will eventually lead," he added warmly.

"I speak feelingly, for I am in London

virility, originality, vivacity and life in an almost explorative sense of the word."

Indeed, the overworked term "atmosphere" came easily to the lips on such a day. One literally drank it in with each breath of radiant wine-like air until it became easy to agree with the painter that better than the sweet soft mists of any island over-sea, better than the languorous South, better



THE HARVEST FIELD—BY HOMER WATSON

half the year, and they talk of me as an English artist with a weird predilection for Canadian summers. I went over to Buffalo directly from England last summer, and I tell you that Exhibition was a wonderful revelation of American art. We are working something out of this New-World atmosphere of ours—and perhaps we have hardly found the secret yet—that may revive again in a new and vigorous art the ancient glory that seems to have fallen low in the England of to-day. There is conventionality, dull composition—and careful work, I grant you; here is

even than the gusty, changeful sea was just this clear, sheer, light-riven landscape for study of sky and space and wind-blown tree.

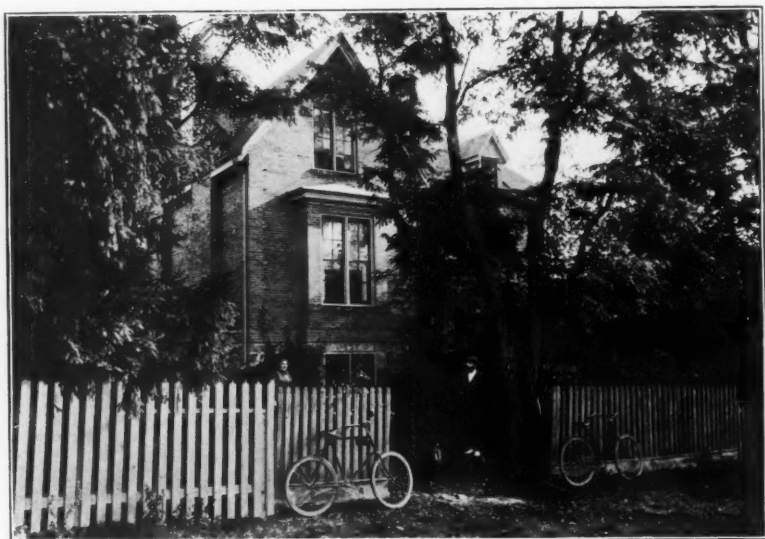
Doon was Homer Watson's birthplace, and Doon was originally cut out of the forest primeval, so that in his youth there were many kingly trees remaining—giants of whose presence there is now no trace—and the young art aspirant wandered under them by day and night, studying their anatomy and the structure of their foliage, acquiring an immense store of memo-

randa, and working out his own salvation with fear and trembling. Then the Princess Louise, whose husband, the Marquis of Lorne, was then Governor-General of Canada, became attracted by the beautiful promise of his work and so came recognition.

"Apart from that placed in galleries and collections, you have a good deal of work scattered about abroad, have you not?"

"Principally in England," he replied.

lated towers above the distant trees; for the woods were then aristocratic, round and full of verdure, expressing sylvan glades and wooded heights just waiting for such a castle as Windsor. Some years after, strolling out of my studio at Cookham Dene in Berkshire, I reached the river, the Thames this time, much the same in point of verdant fulness as our own Grand and not unlike the view at home, only when I looked up—there were the fairy towers



HOMER WATSON'S STUDIO AT DOON, ONT.

"I have certain pictures here and there. Two are in Windsor Castle: 'The Pioneer Mill' and 'The Last of the Drouth.' One, 'The Torrent,' is in Kensington Palace. These three are early pictures, and were bought by the Duke of Argyll when he was Governor-General of Canada. The two large ones, 'The Pioneer Mill' and 'The Last of the Drouth,' he presented to the Queen. *A propos* of these pictures, when I was a youngster I used to roam on the banks of the Grand River, and with romantic fervour longed to see castel-

completing the landscape. Then I thought, 'Sure enough I remember wishing for a castle long ago, and here it is; besides, I must go up to it and have a look at two pictures hanging there which were painted when I was near the other river in Canada.'

Of course, the trial of schools and training has had something to do with the foundation of Mr. Watson's art, but it was in those silent, watchful days alone in the forest that he worked out the rationale of his method. Mr. Watson says that this rationale contains no "literary interest," yet I think

you will agree that it is highly intellectual. Briefly, he believes that the movements of wind in foliage, the movement of clouds, is too evanescent to be painted in detail directly from nature, because each phase escapes before it can be set down in paint. Half of artistry is therefore generalization; and fidelity to nature means fidelity to characteristics rather than fidelity to detail in any single aspect of a scene

the first place, to possess not merely technical skill in painting, but a certain quality of mind which is akin to that which we find in most poets who have devoted themselves to the expression of nature.

So it would seem that Mr. Watson has passed through all the phases of strident realism, *plein air* and so forth, and considers that there is something to be got out of landscape more than



THE BEECH—BY HOMER WATSON

OWNED BY JAMES WILSON, ESQ., MONTREAL

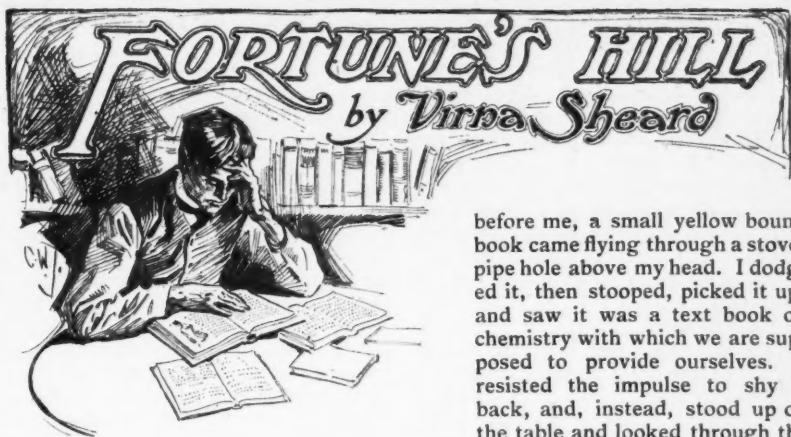
under the varying moods of nature. When one knows a landscape very thoroughly, and the effects of sun, wind and cloud are forever studied, he will find himself observing it under a particular set of conditions, having present in his mind not only what he happens to have in his eye at the moment, but what he has seen before, and therefore a habit of close observation is necessarily linked to the habit of generalization. In order, therefore, to cultivate this habit it is necessary, in

any of these methods afford. Whatever the secret he has found it. I cannot tell where this mysterious inward glow, this luminous colour comes from, but there it is; slanting warmly through the loaded midsummer wains or deifying the copper-coloured autumn, or flooding with ghostly silver the woods of night. It is there, and so is reserve and passion and power, and an infinite something that explains what logic of greeting lies "betwixt dear over-beautiful trees and the rain of the eyes."



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR BEALES

CANADIAN SCENERY—GATHERING DAISIES



"What merit to be dropped on Fortune's Hill,
The honour is to mount it."

CHAPTER IV.—THE FURTHER REFLECTIONS OF DAVID TRENT

THE term is speeding to its close, and the days are taking to themselves wings as days do in which every hour is over-full of work. A passion to learn, to get at the heart of things, often carries me away, and I lose all count of time and find I have been reading till the dawn has faded the light from the lamp. Then I sleep a sleep for four or five hours that would defy anything but the last trump.

On such mornings I miss the early anatomy lecture—more's the pity, for the man who gives it, one Professor McGregor, is an authority on the subject, and has a way all his own of inoculating you with it, at least that is how Darryl puts it, though he's hardly a judge, as he seldom turns out before ten o'clock.

Darryl and I have been comparatively good friends since I was lucky enough to anchor here after a short but rough passage in another lodging-house.

On my first evening in this room, while sitting peaceably by the table with a volume of Foster propped up

before me, a small yellow bound book came flying through a stove-pipe hole above my head. I dodged it, then stooped, picked it up, and saw it was a text book on chemistry with which we are supposed to provide ourselves. I resisted the impulse to shy it back, and, instead, stood up on the table and looked through the hole into the next room. Darryl was there, stretched at full length on a sofa. He was smoking, but appeared to be abjectly miserable and down in the mouth. The room was not nearly so comfortable as mine. In fact, it was one of the most dismal rooms I ever chanced upon.

The furniture was of an antique horse-hair variety, devoid of curves, and there was a huge bed—a relic of departed grandeur—with dark curtains so draped and knotted into rosettes about it that it was unpleasantly suggestive of funerals. All it needed was the plumes on the four posts.

I tossed the book down to Darryl, and while thanking him for it told him I had one of my own.

"Did you ever read such absolute rot as those chemical equations?" he said, viciously, "such tommy-rot. They're evidently intended to give a fellow softening of the brain."

"That certainly seems to be their object," I returned mildly, "but things are not always what they seem. Perhaps you have not discovered their true inwardness."

"They're enough to make me pitch up the whole thing and go to the Klondike," he said, half roughly.

I suggested that he come around where we could go at the chemistry together. In a few moments he

* Copyrighted in the United States.

came. I was glad that my room had a grate, and, incidentally, that Mrs. Tupper and I had forever settled the question as to when it should contain a fire. She assured me that there never *had* been a fire in that grate since the memory of man, and that even when the weather went down to zero one was not needed; but by dint of much arguing—and other means—she was reluctantly forced to admit that a grate in winter without a fire was an ornamental folly.

"By George, Trent, but you have decent quarters," said Darryl, crossing to the hearth. "I didn't dream that there was such a place in the house, nor for that matter that you were in it. My room now—did you see the hearse?"

I told him I had.

"Well, I *sleep* in it," he said, with that flashing smile of his, "and, 'pon my word, sometimes I wake in the dead waste and middle, you know, and fancy I feel the thing moving off slowly—and that it's leading a procession."

"That feeling will pass," I said, reassuringly.

"Perhaps," he answered, laughing. "Anyway, you are jolly warm in here. I thought it was part of the order of this education that it should be administered while we are *cold*. A general discomfort is supposed to make it strike in better, isn't it? Make it *take*, you know, like vaccination?"

I told him I wasn't trying it that way, but that undoubtedly too much luxury would have the opposite effect.

"Oh! luxury!" he returned, "I like that. Why, when I hinted yesterday—you know the sort of day it was, a chilled-to-the-bone sort—when I gently hinted that I thought I could enjoy a little more hot air through the register, our festive landlady rolled her eyes up in that epileptic way she has and fairly gasped, 'Oh, my dear Mr. Darryl,' she exclaimed, fanning herself with her handkerchief, 'you simply couldn't stand the 'eat of it, you really couldn't. It would fly to your 'ead! No young gentleman is hable to study

with 'is 'ead 'ot. It turns the insides of it to a jelly!'"

"She didn't put it just that way to me," I returned, "though we tripped up on the subject once or twice. Bring your books in here when the temperature drops on the other side of the wall; it will help you out a bit, anyway."

He said if I didn't mind he thought he would, although he was rather given to whistling when he wasn't feeling very jolly, and probably it might disturb me.

I said I would risk it, and so that was settled, and we attacked the particular equation that had rattled him. Afterwards we talked about the school.

Evidently Darryl is being put at the whole thing against his will, and takes no interest in any of the work for its own sake.

I have often noticed in the dissecting-room, when he is watching the demonstration, how colourless he is; but a good many of the fellows go white just at first, and I did not think much about it.

He says that he dreads that hour of the day unspeakably, and could never force himself through it if he did not brace up with a glass of brandy before. I suppose he acted upon some sort of impulse in telling me this. It seems a rather dangerous method of getting over the difficulty, and I said he had better use a little more will-power and drop the other thing.

"You are right there, Trent," he answered. "I think it would be better. To-morrow morning I won't take a drop. It's a kind of courage I hate to administer to myself. I'll go in with you and keep a stiff upper lip. Perhaps you will give me some of your nerve."

The following day the result was not quite all that could be desired, for he fainted in the most complete and alarming fashion I ever saw anyone attempt. One moment he was watching Dr. O'Mally like the rest of us, the next I felt a weight against me that slipped heavily and gradually down—and it was Darryl.

In such a case it's hard to know just what is best to be done, but as he has told me about it, I shall try to key him up and help him to overcome the sensations that upset him. They will probably go, but if they do not I shall be heartily sorry for him. It is difficult to imagine what they are like, but easy to see that they are real enough.

It is a regular handicap, and if he cannot face it when the body on the table is but a dead thing—"A *Sub.*," as the boys say, a poor broken wreck, the spent thing from which often all semblance of humanity is gone—how will he endure the sight of the quivering living body beneath the knife. I am thankful for his sake the hospital work comes later on.

As for myself, I have no thought but to press up this difficult path whose end I cannot see, but whose every step is truth. I have no thought but to master the detail of every branch of the science of medicine, for it is a blessed science, and life will be too short to learn it. It has taken possession of me, I think. It is fascinating, because the facts and the mysteries are interlocked at every turn, and there is a key to every mystery, if we could but find it—yes, even to the doors behind which lie life and death, though we may not open them yet. I would live but to lessen some of the burden of suffering laid upon men—men—women—and little children. It is possible that by so doing I may forget myself, and there will be the less time to dream of the unattainable.

I do not speak to Darryl of his cousin. I will not hear anything of her through my own seeking, and yet when I close my eyes I see her as I saw her that day—my lady of the lightning. There are the little glints of gold in the waves of her hair, and the blue of the forge flame is in her eyes. Having seen her once I can care for no other woman. Sometimes I think it is a vision that may vanish—that the loveliness of it may wear away, but it does not. I do not know that I desire it.

"You are a fool, David Trent," I say. "A fool and a dreamer of dreams. To work. The world is before you, it is a ball at your feet."

A man can fight everything but the thoughts that haunt him, and I know against myself I hold desperately to what is a hope, the shadow of a hope, that Fate will some day bring me my own. Yet I will not light my way by so faint a thing.

I know that she has gone home to England. So much Darryl told me, for he touches in his light fashion on every topic in heaven above and the earth beneath. While he is friendly, he leaves me in no doubt but that in his eyes I am a sort of human curiosity, and he marvels to find we have so much in common. I am neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring to Darryl. In his school of thought they divide the world into distinct classes, label folk decently and shelve them according to rule. Therefore, it puzzles that handsome blonde head of his to find a place for me or to give me a "local habitation and a name."

I saw Margaret Darryl again before she sailed. It was in the theatre upon Hallowe'en.

The students had taken the galleries, and Sir Henry Irving held the boards in "The Bells." He swayed the people as the wind sways a field of grain. They bent towards the stage and listened with their very souls, held by the mysterious magnetism which we feel but cannot define.

As for me, I saw only a girl in one of the boxes. Her profile, as I caught it, was like a certain picture of Gibson's that everybody knows. It is a type of beauty for all time. There was the same purity of outline, the little strong uplifted chin, the marvellous curve of the throat, the lovely mouth, tender, yet wilful, the aureole of waving hair catching the lights and shadows and reflecting them in living colour.

She also leaned towards the stage and watched the passing of the play in that breathless intensity with which she had watched the storm from the

window in my father's forge. Once, in an interval, she turned as by some impulse and looked up at the gallery.

Across the glittering house our eyes met.

Afterwards I left the theatre.

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CHAPTER V.—AS NOTED BY TEDDY DARRYL

I NEVER knew a fellow with such a thirst for information as Trent.

He burns the midnight oil in a recklessly extravagant style that sets Mrs. Tupper wild, and he has a sponge-like way of absorbing knowledge that simply fatigues the rest of us to watch. It would give me brain fever to study the way he does. I said as much the other night when Jimsy and I dropped in to see him about two a.m. We had been at a Grenadiers' Assembly, but left early.

Trent looked up from the physiology he was plugging away at and smiled that faint enigmatical smile of his. Then he shut the book with a quick snap.

"I believe I'd risk it if I were you, Darryl," he said.

Upon this Jimsy was immediately seized with an uncontrollable spasm of mirth. His habit of laughing in an asinine way at nothing is wearing.

"Oh! doubtless you both count on my being plucked," I said stiffly, lighting a cigarette; "but don't worry or lose any sleep over it. I'll pick up enough to pass, and that is all I am aiming at."

"Darryl remembers it was *ambition* that caused the angels to fall. Don't you, Ted?" put in Jimsy, still chirruping.

Trent didn't say anything. His long pauses can make a fellow most uncomfortable, they are so suggestive of the unpleasant things he hasn't said. Jimsy calls them his "brilliant flashes of silence," and Jove! it hits them off.

"There is not a shadow of doubt but that I'll pass," I reiterated stubbornly, "though I can't read steadily the way you do, Trent. It would turn me into a gibbering idiot. The only way I can inwardly digest such books as that, is to have them talked at me

—talked at me, you understand—rubbed in; it's not the least effort to memorize them then, Glory be! And I'll bank on the lectures to tide me through."

"In Teddy's little lexicon is no such word as *fail*," chipped in Jimsy, irrelevantly.

"That's all right," Trent responded in his cool voice, but in a moment added as by after-thought, "You've attended all the early lectures, I believe?"

As I have only turned out to three, of course he had me there.

"Hardly any of the firsts bother about McGregor," I answered, blowing up some smoke rings—remarkably good rings by the way. "Undoubtedly he's fine and all that, but the line should be drawn at eight in the morning for such work. I loathe getting dressed in the dark when the room is as cold as a tomb. I'll know my bones when the time comes, for one of the grads has promised to grind me up a bit on them.

Trent went over to a shelf and took down a volume about the build of Webster's Dictionary. He laid it with a dull thud on the table where Jimsy was perched and opened it casually, yet with a certain significance. The book was a Gray's Anatomy.

"Oh! put that up, Trent," said Jimsy, with a yawn and groan. "Put it up, I tell you! You're never going to wallow in it at this hour. I can't see a Gray, but I ache all over at the mere memory of the mental gymnastics I've performed over it. Talk about roller skating! Well, it is only fellows like Ted who can view such a book unmoved," then he chortled ironically.

He certainly at times is very crude. It will forever remain a mystery to me how he got as far as his third year. Every time I look at him I am inspired

with a lively assurance that what he has done any other man can do. I blandly told him this, upon which he went into another convulsive attack.

"Great Scott! you don't count on having my luck, do you, Darryl?" he said, on recovering from the paroxysm. "Why, bless you, I can't help getting through. An unseen force propels me—destiny or something of that sort. The stars foretold it. I'm a mascot and the seventh son of a seventh son, don't you know?"

"Then I'm safe," I remarked, showing no undue astonishment at the statement, "I'm a seventh son myself."

"Oh! yes!" he returned, "you may be, just a *simple seventh son*, that's nothing, the woods are full of them, dear boy—you've got to be the seventh of the seventh or the magic won't work. A miss is as good as a mile, you see, Darryl, in such things. However, it's beastly luck to come so near and yet miss it; it's like getting the next number to the winning one in a lottery ticket."

"Oh! stow it all," I answered gloomily, "the only thing that troubles me is that the Governor didn't take your view of it. You can't both be right. Apart from that, I don't know that I relish being dubbed 'a *simple seventh son*.'"

He hastened to assure me that this was but a flower of speech. After which, as it struck the witching hour of three, and Trent looked fagged, we bade him good-night, lit our candles and turned into our respective rooms.

In spite of occasional twinges of anxiety connected with the coming exams., for I cannot feel that I have altogether improved the shining hour, I really have not had a dull minute. My people here in town positively exert themselves to make it pleasant for me, and although I tell them plainly enough that I must get to work, they don't take it seriously.

Aunt Marshall has renewed her youth this winter, and while dipping into all the gaities of the season insisted upon my being her esquire as

occasion offered. This, consequently, has led to my dipping into a good many of them also. Uncle Felix is graciousness itself to me, and Dick and Madge Travers made themselves undeniably attractive also. Altogether I can't say I have felt so homeless as I expected to.

The Travers' house is the jolliest place imaginable. It doesn't possess a single sacred room. A fellow may smoke wherever he happens to be without worrying. There are no hard-and-fast rules in it either, or deadly fixed hours for certain things to be done; but it all works out by a sort of charm, and when I am there I find it positively easy to be good. It is just one of those houses where peace reigns, where comfort and cushions abound, and cosy corners and red-shaded lamps hold sway. After my apartment at Mrs. Tupper's with the slippery horse-hair furniture and the hearse, it resembles heaven.

Of course, it is hardly as much calculated to stimulate one to mental activity as to induce physical repose, but that, Travers says, is his idea of a home.

Margaret Darryl maintained that she would much rather stay here in Canada with Madge than go to Sybel—that is Lady Brandon, her other sister—in London, but my father thought it advisable that she should go for the winter, which settled the matter.

These three cousins of mine are orphans and wards of the Governor. In fact he has been their guide, philosopher and friend for many years, a position which entailed considerable exertion on his part.

They lived in England and so he was forever crossing to look after their business affairs and see that their governesses taught them all they ought to know, and, furthermore, as beauty fairly runs riot in that branch of the family, he had of late his own time in other ways.

When Sybel married Lord Brandon—who was unobjectionable himself and no end rich—it was a case of "bless you, my children," and the sister, family,

collectively and individually, smiled on the union. But, "contrariwise," as Tweedledum says, when Madge decided to marry Dick Travers, who was desperately in love with her, but merely a civil engineer with the ladder to climb, the Governor, backed by the aforementioned family, opposed it tooth and nail.

He considered it one of life's little ironies that he should have brought Madge over to Canada himself, and witlessly allowed her to meet Travers at our house, which is the way it happened.

Things were in a royal ferment for a while, but when they reached their worst—on the very day, in fact, that

Madge was to have sailed for home and thus removed herself from danger—the obstinate young couple walked into a church and an obliging parson—a Methodist, I may add—did the rest.

My father was most annoyed about it, and his plans for the final disposing of Margaret, his sole remaining ward, were immediately finished and framed.

But the end is not yet, for no man, unless he be gifted with second sight, can tell what a girl will do anyway.

The Governor writes that he hopes I will pass my examinations with flying colours. I'm sure I hope so too. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.



CHAPTER VI.—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

I HAVE just finished reading a most characteristic letter from Teddy in which, after three pages of delightful nonsense, he suddenly realizes the solemnity of life and seriously solicits my unceasing prayers that he "may get through on his Anatomy all right."

Dear boy! if he knows it he will get through, and if he does not, what will my prayers avail? Heaven helps those who help themselves in such matters.

I gather from what he tells me that the town has been very gay this season, unusually gay. He appears to have taken Aunt Marshall about a good deal, and to have been on hand whenever Madge wanted him; but then he always was a "Squire of Dames." I cannot help wondering how he could spare so much time for the yacht-club balls, the military assemblies and other affairs, and yet have enough left over for his work.

But what can a mere girl know of a man's ability to accomplish the seemingly impossible?

He mentions David Trent a number of times—that is the blacksmith's son from Grandville.

I fancy he has made a deep impression on Teddy's volatile nature. It is

not strange, for they happen to be lodging in the same house and so must see each other often, and I, who have seen David Trent only twice, find him quite unforgettable.

I saw him first upon the day of the storm, when Teddy and I took refuge at his father's forge, and I saw him again at the theatre upon All Souls' eve. The students from the different universities had the house, and it was gorgeously decked with their different colours. Although Sir Henry Irving and his company played, pandemonium reigned between the acts. The students in that college city have their own peculiar way of expressing enthusiasm, and have established a precedent in the matter, so it is said. In any case there was something wildly barbaric and picturesque in the whole thing, and as for the noise of it, it utterly upset any preconceived ideas of mine as to what a noise really is. There was silence only for those few moments in which the great actor came out alone before the curtain and spoke with sweet graciousness and simple directness that must have made each man feel that he was in a way a personal friend, so did he show his love and sympathy with youth and

the vivacity of it. Once I glanced up at the gallery and saw David Trent looking down steadily, yes steadily, at me. It made me feel a little strange, for he seemed so apart from all that clamour; so still in the midst of it. The things around him do not appear to affect him whatever, and he is not easily moved. For one moment, across the house, his eyes held mine irresistibly.

When later on I looked up again, against my intention or desire, but as one will do such things, he was gone.

It is odd that he should be studying medicine, for he certainly is not of the class from which our physicians come.

But yet, of what class is he? He has a high-bred, masterful face, and it is most unreadable. His eyes are deep set, wonderful light eyes, with heavy black lashes; they are most cool and quiet, though upon the day of the storm I saw for an instant a glow in them—that may have been the reflection of the lightning, but was dangerously suggestive of fire within. A self-repressed man he is, undoubtedly, and one who is his own master. He sets one thinking. He is very tall and straight, and is as spare as a young Indian might be in the spring after the northern winter had tested his strength and hardened every muscle of him to the likeness of iron and every fibre to whip-cord. And in other ways he is not unlike an Indian, for his skin is clearly dark, and his hair, while there is a bit of wave in it, sits with singular closeness to his



DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"He seemed so far apart from all that clamour; so still in the midst of it."

head. Moreover, he has a grave dignity of manner, and for his age, while he cannot be old, he does not look young.

For some reason the interior of the dusky forge—the queer smell of it, the restless horses, the small glowing fire beyond the great bellows, the still figure of David Trent and his mask-like face lit by the blue flash-lights—are etched in detail upon my memory.

Teddy was there, of course, but he hardly seemed part of the picture. The only thing I remember distinctly about Teddy is, that when the storm was at its height and vivid lances of light were piercing the forge through and through, he remarked pensively, "that it was the good who died young."

I wonder at myself for having noticed all these things, and certainly



DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"But so goes an idle hour and a pen that loves to scribble."

did not realize I was doing so. On second thought it is more to be wondered at that I should take the time and space to write them down, but so goes an idle hour and a pen that loves to scribble.

My words belie me, for I have written nothing in this small book since I came to England, perhaps because the days have been so much alike and so filled in with the usual things.

I wish I could have spent the winter in Canada. After promising myself (and being promised by Teddy) such joys as skating over unlimited, crystal-clear ice, after counting upon riding Mazeppa-like on a wild untrained

Tartarian steed in the shape of a toboggan, after counting on all the fun of snow-shoeing, after dreaming of days with a keen, frosty edge on them, and nights of purple skies decked with golden stars that glitter as only the cold, they tell me, can make them, it is a little hard to put up with London's chilly grayness, damp frostiness that tints one blue instead of pink, a perpetual uncomfortable-ness out of doors, and endless afternoon teas, solemn dinners and midnight dances within. But Uncle Edward, who is my governor as well as Teddy's, insisted that this course was for my own good, as

I find indeed that most of the unpleasant things in life are; and to his inscrutable wisdom I needs must bend.

It is somewhat unfortunate that Sybel and I have so few thoughts in common, and further that I should be so much fonder of my other brother-in-law, Dick Travers, than of dear little Lord Brandon, who is always nice, quite irritatingly nice and unruffled and perfectly attired, but who never expresses anything that could be called a definite *idea*, and who is not, in fact, the sort of man one would give a second thought to, unless he happened to be a relation.

CHAPTER VII.—AS REMARKED BY TEDDY DARRYL

I REMEMBER reading, in an antiquated penny almanac, edited by one Josh Billings, a composite humorist and philosopher, this sentence: "When a man iz goin' *up* hill, all nater iz agin him; but when he iz goin' *down*, it's all fixed for the occasion." It struck me at the time as containing a truth (though atrociously expressed) and I am still of the same opinion.

If ever a fellow had diabolical luck, I've had it. After working on Physiology till I knew it backwards, the Faculty set the exam. on the only day in all my life I ever had a raging toothache, and as the afflicted molar monopolized the whole of my thoughts at the time—you could fairly hear it ache—it is superfluous to say that I made a dismal failure of the paper.

Only a special Providence could have carried me through on Anatomy, but I never dreamt of being plucked on any other subject, and so I told my father. He is tremendously annoyed about the whole thing though, and it was only his wholesome fear of apoplexy that prevented our having a still more unpleasant half hour than the one we had.

I am awfully sorry to have put him out so, for he isn't feeling up to it. Of late he has been suffering for the high living of his ancestors (doubtless, the worst of all, that old chap who was the "physician extraordinary"), and has a particularly bad attack of gout. It doesn't let him get any rest, or, for the matter of that, anyone else.

He did not have the least sympathy with my tooth, however, and said there was no excuse for its aching when *his* teeth

at *his* age were as solid as rocks. I didn't keep up the subject by telling him that mine were equally solid now, as I'd had the one that spun me on Physiology forcibly removed directly afterwards; there wasn't the slightest use, he would only have said it should have been removed before.

There is a supplementary exam. in September which I'll have to get through, though it will necessitate my putting in the whole summer at the loathly task of committing pages of stuff to memory that I don't care a rap about knowing.

It's a jolly good thing I matriculated after I left King's, or I'd have that before me too, and Latin has such a beastly trick of evaporating from the brain as soon as it's absorbed.

However, as Lord Chesterfield his-



DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"I do wish you had worked, Darryl."

torically said:—"Latin is a language that every gentleman should at least have forgotten."

David Trent took the first year scholarship, and, by George! there's no fellow I'd rather have seen do it. It meant an average of ninety-nine per cent., as the rest of us have reason to know.

It didn't seem to surprise Trent in the least, and I believe now he knew he'd take it.

When the returns were out, and just as I was gasping over the painful discovery that I was not on the list, Jimsy came up cheerfully whistling the "Dead March in Saul," with that total absence of tact which distinguishes him.

Trent was standing near, and he gave Jimsy a look that made him drop the tune. Then he laid one hand on my shoulder and wheeled me round—

"I do wish you had worked, Dar-

ryl," he said; "this would never have happened if you had. Believe me, I'd gladly give you half my marks to see you pass."

The way he said it, and the knowledge that he doesn't take me for a fool made me feel uncomfortably chokey.

"Thanks," I said, "but I'll worry through in September."

I honestly believe he would have given me those marks though, if he could, and been content to come in about fifteenth himself, instead of first. He's such an unusual sort of fellow, Trent.

My father is not pleased at his success, I may add.

"Exceeding unpleasant position for me!" he wound up our interview by saying; "exceedingly unpleasant! *You* get plucked, sir, and *Trent*, the town blacksmith's son, comes out on top! The deuce take it all, sir—the *town blacksmith's* son!"



THE GARDEN OF THE YEARS

WITHIN the Garden of the Years

Grow flowers of laughter and of tears—

Fugacious flowers that come and go

Forever with the seasons' flow.

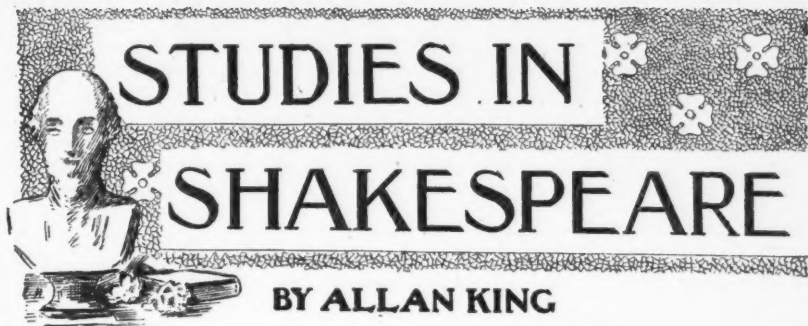
And here midst all that time has wrought

In rose-leaf or forget-me-not,

Our longing hands alone would seize

The flower of happiest memories.

Inglis Morse



STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

BY ALLAN KING

II—HIS USE OF BIRDS

LET us leave the birds of the night and the birds of ill-omen that hover over and ear-mark misfortune, disaster and death throughout the plays. The birds of the morning, the birds of song, have been laid under contribution as well as the ravens and crows and the shrieking owl, and if we follow where they lead, they will take us away out of ourselves "past the near meadows, over the still stream, up the hill side and through the next valley's glades."

The lark is the favourite bird of the poets of England. Wordsworth, Shelley, and the Ettrick Shepherd have each sung the praises of the skylark in one or more poems, and the admirers of each poet claim first place for the poem of their favourite on this subject. The idea of the height to which the bird soars pouring out its song is treated by each of these poets as follows:

Shelley:

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar,
And soaring ever singest."

Wordsworth:

"To the last point of vision and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted
strain
("Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain!"

And again:

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and
home!"

And in another poem he writes:

"Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!"

Hogg:

"Wild is thy lay, and loud, far in the downy
cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on the dewy wing—where art thou
journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen, o'er muir and
mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim, over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar singing away!"

But Shakespeare with easy superiority, in the play of *Cymbeline*, expresses the same idea in one line:

"Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate
sings."

Romeo and Juliet have met, and wooed, and married, but at the very opening of what seemed to be the commencement of a fair and happy life, on the afternoon of the very day on which Friar Lawrence performed their marriage ceremony, the old feud between their families cast its dark shadow across their pathway. Romeo has murdered Tybalt, and sentence of

banishment has been passed upon him, and he must tear himself away from Juliet; but they are snatching a few happy hours out of the jaws of Fate. The hour for parting has at last come:

JULIET.—Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO.—It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: Look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I must begone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET.—Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO.—Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:

"Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

How is't, my soul? let's talk: it is not day."

JULIET.—"It is, it is; hie hence, begone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us:

Some say the lark and loathed toad changed eyes;

O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now begone; more light and light it grows."

(Romeo and Juliet, Act III, sc. 5.)

In *Love's Labour Lost* he speaks of the lark as the ploughman's clock. The Dauphin in the play of *Henry V*, before the battle of Agincourt, is telling his comrades-in-arms what an excellent palfrey he rides, and he declares, that the man hath no wit that cannot from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on his palfrey.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,

where, as Schlegel says, "the loves of mortals are painted as a poetical enchantment, which by a contrary enchantment may be immediately suspended, and then renewed again." Demetrius loves Hermia, Hermia loves Lysander, Helena loves Demetrius, Helena and Hermia are bosom friends, and Helena, envying the attractions which have caught the fickle fancy of Demetrius, and wishing that she herself possessed them, so that she might win Demetrius, says to Hermia who has just greeted her:

HERMIA.—God speed fair Helena! whither away?

HELENA.—Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching: O were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go:
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye.

My tongue shall catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with that art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

(Act I, sc. 1.)

In *The Merchant of Venice*, in the last scene of the play, there occurs a beautiful passage with a medley of birds in it. Portia and Nerissa, on their way home from the trial between Antonio and Shylock, where Portia covered herself with so much glory, have arrived within sight of Portia's home and within sound of the music which comes from the avenue leading up to it. Portia philosophizes a little, and points out that greatness is only a matter of comparison, and that beautiful things appear more beautiful in their own proper and natural setting than they do anywhere else.

PORTIA.—That light we see is burning in my hall,

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

NER.—When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

POR.—So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a King

Until a King be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! Hark!
NER.—It is your music, madam, of the house.
POR.—Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
NER.—Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

POR.—The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark

When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, no! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked.

LOR. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

PORTIA.—He knows me as the blind man
knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice. (Act V, sc. 1.)

The nightingale is a bird of night, but as Portia says, the blind man knows the cuckoo by his bad voice, so he might know the nightingale by the rich music which she pours forth, and which has earned for her the proud position of queen amongst the birds of song.

There is an old legend which says that the nightingale's breast is pressed against a thorn while it sings, and that its song is uttered under the stress of pain.

This is beautifully expressed in an "Address to the Nightingale," written by Richard Barnfield in the 16th century:

"As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made;
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all-forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain,
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own."

Perhaps Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* had this legend in mind when, separated from Silvia, liv-

ing the life of an outlaw in the forest, he moralizes as follows:

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes."

(Act V, sc. 4.)

And in another part of the play he declares:

"Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale."

(Act III, sc. 1.)

In the opening piece or induction of *The Taming of the Shrew*, Christopher Sly is made the victim of a practical joke. He falls into a drunken sleep in an alehouse, and a nobleman who is standing by orders his servants to convey Christopher to his house, and instructs them, when he awakens from his sleep, to treat him in every respect as if he were the owner of the house and they were his servants. There is some foundation to build the joke upon, for has he not told the hostess at the alehouse that the Slys are no rogues. He advises her to look up the chronicles, and there she will find that they came in with the Conqueror. The nobleman's servants enter into the carrying on of the joke with much zest, but Sly is hard to convince:

"What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a peddler, by education a card maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hackett, the fat ale wife of Wincot, if she know me not: It she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, scorn me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here's—"

THIRD SERV.—O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

SEC. SERV.—O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

LORD.—Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks
will soar
Above the morning lark." (Induction, sc. 2.)

And so they play the game upon him,
until under the accumulated weight of
evidence he is at last convinced that
Sly is not Sly, but a real live lord.

Petruchio, in this play, has made up
his mind to win the shrewish Kate at
any cost, and says, that if she will rail,
he will tell her that she sings as sweetly
as any nightingale.

Hamlet says, that there is a special
providence in the fall of a sparrow, and
Ophelia sings, "for bonny sweet Robin
is all my joy."

And in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,
when Valentine asks his servant Speed,
how he knows that he, Valentine, is in
love, his answer is, "Marry, by these
special marks: First, you have learned,
like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms
like a malcontent; to relish a love-
song like a robin redbreast."

In *The Comedy of Errors* there is a
reference to the well-known habit of
the lapwing to decoy danger away
from her nest, by pretending that it is
somewhere else than where it is. In
the play the two masters, Antipholus
of Ephesus, and Antipholus of Syra-
cuse, are twin brothers, who resemble
each other so closely that all their
friends are deceived, and the two ser-
vants, Dromio by name, also so closely
resemble each other that their own
masters cannot tell them apart. Ad-
riana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus,
entertains, at dinner at her own house
and in the company of her sister
Luciana, Antipholus of Syracuse under
the mistaken impression that he is her
own husband. Luciana being a comely
maiden, Antipholus proceeds to make
love to her, and she, thinking he is her
brother-in-law, resents it, and reports
the matter to her sister after he has
taken his leave. Adriana flies into a
jealous rage, and abuses her husband
roundly:

ADRIANA—I cannot, nor I will not, hold me
still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have
his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

LUCIANA—Who would be jealous then of
such a one?

No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

ADRIANA—Ah, but I think him better than I
say,

And yet would herein other's eyes were
worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him though my tongue do
curse.

(Act IV, Sc. 2.)

And in *Much Ado About Nothing*,
by the good offices of Hero, Beatrice
and Benedick are brought to give over
railing at each other, and to fall in love
like two sensible people. Beatrice is
given to understand that there will be
some talk between Hero and Ursula
concerning herself, and Hero, observ-
ing Beatrice stealing with light foot to
gain a cover from which she can over-
hear them, points her out to Ursula:

"Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference."

(Act III, Sc. 1.)

In *King Richard II* Mowbray and
Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV,
are about to engage in a fight in the
presence of King Richard and his
courtiers, and Bolingbroke declares:

"As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight."

(Act I, Sc. 3.)

After the murder of Duncan, in the
play of *Macbeth*, Macduff flees to Eng-
land, and when Lady Macduff hears of
it she accuses him of cowardice in
leaving her and her children defence-
less. Ross, to whom she makes her
complaint, tells her that she knows not
whether it was his wisdom or his fear
that made him fly.

L. MACDUFF—Wisdom! To leave his wife,
to leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place

From whence himself does fly? He loves us
not;

He wants the natural touch: for the poor
wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear and nothing is the love;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason."

(Act IV, Sc. 2.)

The thrush, one of the sweetest of our singing birds, which is sometimes called the throstle, comes in for a fair share of attention. In *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia, the rich heiress of Belmont, is sought by many suitors, but there is a clause in her father's will which provides that the way to her hand lies through a choice of three caskets—one of gold, one of silver and one of lead. In one of the caskets is her portrait, and he who is lucky enough, or wise enough, to choose the one in which it lies wins Portia's hand and all her wealth. Her maid, Nerissa, having a natural curiosity in the matter, asks Portia which of the suitors who have appeared up to that time she prefers, and Portia says:

"I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them,

I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

NER.—How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

POR.—God made him, therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him,"

(Act I, sc. 2.)

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom sings a pretty little song while sitting near to Titania, the Queen of the Fairies, while she is still sleeping and under the influence of the juice of the herb, which Oberon has dropped upon her eye-lids to cause her to fall in love with the first object she sees when she awakes—

"The ousel cock, so black of hue,
With orange tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill."

Titania, awakening, asks

"What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?"

and, seeing Bottom, straightway falls in love with him.

Bottom continues his song—

"The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay."

(Act III, sc. 1.)

In *The Winter's Tale*, Antylocus, that prince of merry rascals, amongst his other accomplishments, has the gift of song—

"The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,

With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and jay

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay."

(Act IV, sc. 3.)

There is something remarkable in the difference with which the cuckoo is treated by Shakespeare and the poet Wordsworth.

Portia says, that Lorenzo knows her as the blind man knows the cuckoo, by the bad voice.

In the first part of *King Henry IV*, the King, speaking in bitter terms to his son, Prince Hal, afterwards Henry V, about his dissipated life and his roysterings amongst the common people, reminded him of Richard II, who, he said, made himself so cheap, that when he had occasion to be seen, he was but as the cuckoo is in June—heard, not regarded. And in the same play Worcester complains to the King that in the early days when he, the King, was Bolingbroke, he, Worcester, stood by his cause, but that afterwards he neglected, and turned away from his old supporter:

"And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing."

(Act 5, sc. 1.)

The allusion is to the habit of the cuckoo, who lays her eggs in the sparrow's nest and allows the sparrow to take care of her young ones until they grow so large that they oppress her nest.

The Fool in *King Lear*, referring to the way in which the old King is treat-

ed by his daughters, Regan and Goneril, speaks of the cuckoo in the same connection:

FOOL—For you, trow Uncle,
The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

Wordsworth, on the other hand, idealizes the bird.

Speaking of the poem which we quote from below, Turner says: "This lyric, notwithstanding its ethereal imaginative beauty, was stigmatized as affected and ridiculous by the blindness of contemporary criticism. Of all his own poems this was Wordsworth's favourite":

"O blythe newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?
While I am lying on the grass
Thy two-fold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.
Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird—but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

O, blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!"

It may be of interest to insert here a note upon the American cuckoo (a bird, however, whose note and habits are different from the English species) from a book upon birds by that distinguished ornithologist, Frank M. Chapman. "Cuckoos," he says, "are mysterious birds, well worth watching. I would not imply that their deeds are evil, on the contrary, they are exceedingly beneficial birds. Nevertheless, there is something about the cuckoo's actions which always suggest to me that he either has just done, or is about to do something he shouldn't."

The swan's dying song is alluded to in *The Merchant of Venice*. Portia's lovers are all dismissed: the Neapolitan prince, who is a colt indeed; the County Palatine, with his frown; the French

lord, for whom she had no better word than that God made him, and therefore he might pass for a man; Falconbridge, the young English lord, whose doublet she thought was bought in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behaviour everywhere; the Scotch lord, whom she thinks has a neighbourly charity, for that he hath borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him when he was able; the young German, whom she liked very vilely in the morning when he was sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he was drunk; the Prince of Morocco, who chooses the golden casket, where he finds not Portia, but a death's head, in whose empty eye there is a written scroll, and upon whose exit Portia has no regrets, for she says, "a gentle riddance, draw the curtains, go! Let all of his complexion choose me so." The Prince of Aragon, who chooses the silver casket and finds the portrait of a blinking idiot presenting him with a schedule. Last of all comes Bassanio, and with his coming what a change comes over the gentle Portia:

"I pray you tarry (she says to Bassanio);
pause a day or two
Before you hazard: for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality,
But lest you should not understand me well—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but
thought—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me."

(Act III, sc. 2.)

After that speech, it will dawn upon the dullest understanding that Portia has more than a passing interest in the result of Bassanio's choice. Bassanio pleads to be allowed to choose at once, for he says, that as he is he lives upon a rack.

PORTIA—Away then! I am locked in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out,
Nerissa and the rest stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then if he lose he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music; that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the
stream
And watery deathbed for him."

(Act III, sc. 2.)

In the play of *Othello*, Iago's wife, Emilia, when she is stabbed by her husband and finds that she is dying, says that she will play the swan and die in music, and sings a line of the beautiful song which Desdemona sang, when she found that she was out of favour with Othello:

"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow,

Her hand on her bosom, her hand on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow;

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans,

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,

Sing willow, willow, willow." (Act V, sc. 2.)

The Prince of Aragon, in the casket scene of *The Merchant of Venice*, makes reference to the martin's habit of building its nest in an exposed place.

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;

Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty."

(Act II, sc. 9.)

The martin or martlet is again mentioned in that oft-quoted passage, so beautifully commented upon by Sir

Joshua Reynolds in one of his lectures, when he points out, that it is one of the most striking instances in literature of what is known in the language of the artist as repose. It occurs in the very midst of the stormy scene in which Duncan's death is decided upon by Macbeth and his lady.

Duncan and Banquo are approaching the castle, and are admiring its surroundings.

DUNCAN—This castle hath a pleasant seat;
the air

Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Upon our gentle senses.

BANQUO—This guest of summer, the temple-
haunting martlet, doth approve,

By his loved mansionry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,

Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant

cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt—I have

observed,
The air is delicate." (Act I, sc. 6.)

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom, in his anxiety to take the part of the lion, promises so as not to fright the ladies, that he will roar as gently as any sucking dove, and in the same play Helena, when Demetrius says to her—

"I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts,"

answers:

"The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:

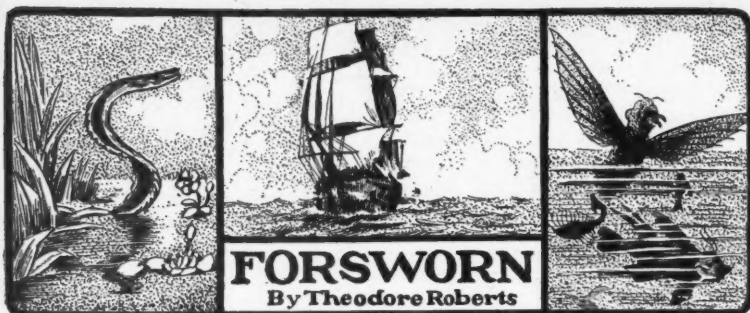
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind

Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless
speed,

When cowardice pursues and valour flies." (Act II, sc. 1.)

TO BE CONTINUED





THE Sea, my mistress, called to me out of the night,
 When the streets of the town were narrow, and the lips of the tide were
 white,
 And the hearts of men were hostile, and dreams were as driven spray.
 She called, and I went to her arms before the turning of day.

Many a secret she taught me, of headland, and mist, and star.
 Joy I learned of the canvas, and joy of the dizzy spar,
 And I swore, in the starlit watches, by the only God and the Sign,
 That never did man love woman as I this mistress of mine.

I buried regret in the North—(regret for my deeds amiss.)
 I forgot that the towns were cold. (Blood-warm is the Great Sea's kiss!)
 And I took the gulls to witness, and the birds of the farther flight,
 That never the breast of a woman was white as her breast is white.

All day I heard her laughter, and the nights were quick with her song.
 Never a watch grew weary. There was never a voyage too long.
 Free, as the gulls are free, yet wed, with a queen for bride,
 I followed the lure of her lips, with the white foam overside.

Queen Sea, you have had *such* lovers—Cook, and Nelson, and Drake—
 Heed not the words I pray, heed not the songs I make.

Queen Sea, I swear by the trade-winds, the tides, and the flush of morn,
 That a sweeter love has found me!—and I laugh, who am all forsworn.



A CHRISTMAS EVE SURPRISE*

By Lilian Quiller Couch, author of "An Interrupted Honeymoon," etc., etc.

"WHITE silk, rich enough to stand by itself, my dear, with the loveliest pink roses all over it, and the beautifullest little pink shoes. 'Liza, hurry with that can of hot water."

Mrs. Bassom took the can from the flustered 'Liza and bustled upstairs to the imperious little lady who in the space of twenty-four hours had turned the sober farmhouse and farm minds upside down, and bewitched the lot of them.

Never had the guest-chamber of Wendry Farm been the scene of such feminine luxury and loveliness as on this bleak November evening; nor had it, probably, ever held a more brilliant young creature than the one standing before the mirror in a wonderful dressing-gown of lawn and lace. She was polishing her pretty nails with scented powder, as Mrs. Bassom bustled in with her relay of warm water.

"Thanks, Mrs. Bassom, you good soul!" exclaimed the impetuous young beauty. "I don't deserve one-half your pretty attention, coming here a stranger, and haymaking in your tidy home. Just tepid, please, with a dash of perfume from that biggest bottle. And about the carriage. Has Jenkins had luck?"

"No, miss, that he hasn't," said Mrs. Bassom, deprecatingly. "He says every mortal thing with a wheel to it is bespoke. And I misdoubt me if you'd get a fly even if you were to scour the country for a score of miles."

"I'd get it sure enough if 'twere only a score of miles stopping me," declared the young lady. "Well, Mrs. Bassom, to go to Sir Verlin Tranter's ball I'm determined, if I have to go in a wheelbarrow. Hasn't your good husband himself something better than that—a hay-cart, a threshing machine, anything with wheels?"

"Oh, miss, if you ain't set on hav-

ing a fly, John, he shall drive you in our gig—"

"Bless your comforting heart! The gig, of course. There's a freezing, howling wind that will sear my complexion and nearly tear off my hair; but I'll put my head in a bandbox rather than stay away. Depend on it, Mrs. Bassom, this noble action will lift you and your good husband one rung farther up the ladder to Heaven—"

"Oh, miss! What things you do say!"

"Shocked? Never mind! Help me into my finery; and if ever you saw a lovelier sight than I shall be when I'm ready you'd better not tell me so."

As the blustering north wind tore round the house and wailed at the corners, and the road lay white and dry as bleached bones between Wendry Farm and Haselton Hall, Farmer Bassom harnessed his briskest horse to the gig. The young beauty upstairs put the last touches to her toilette, exclaiming at the finish, "I quite agree with your eyes, Mrs. Bassom. I do think I'm the handsomest thing I've seen for many a long day!"

She was right in her admiration if the opinion of the majority counts for anything; for not only could she read it in Mrs. Bassom's eyes, but in those of the gaping 'Liza, in those of Farmer Bassom too, and, with a thrill of excitement and triumph, in the many questioning eyes turned upon her when, her journey over and her wraps discarded, she followed an astonished footman to the brilliant reception room of Haselton Hall.

At the doorway there was a dramatic pause before the man, with an uncontrollable glance of questioning wonder at his master, announced:

"Miss Evelyn Tranter!"

The name, when it did come, brought amazement deep on the faces near. It

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was as if the nerves in the room became tense as the brilliant figure, in its pink and white bravery, with waving black hair and sparkling dark eyes, stepped up to the fair, childish-looking hostess standing beside her father, Sir Verlin, and cordially took the hand which was instinctively, though hesitatingly, held out.

"I am pleased to meet you," said the newcomer, in a brisk, business-like voice. "I am your cousin from California—Evelyn—Tranter's daughter."

"My cousin!" repeated the amazed young hostess, not realizing the full importance of the words. A good-looking young man standing near unconsciously made a step forward, as if protectingly. Then both Mary Tranter and the Californian turned towards Sir Verlin.

For a short breathless period the baronet and the stranger, who had never met before, looked at one another as if measuring swords were more natural under the circumstances than shaking hands. The face of the beauty became stern and accusing; that of the aristocratic, dignified man remained unmoved in feature, but grew white to the lips. With the swiftness of a man of the world he realized the ruin which the words meant, if they were true; the insult to his guests, his entertainment and himself, if they were false.

"We have never met before, Sir Verlin," the girl said at last, with cool deliberateness, "but I thought I might venture to join your party by right of a relative in a strange land."

"All," replied Sir Verlin, with cold politeness, "who bear my name are welcome to my hospitality. Allow me to escort you to a seat." He offered his arm in courtesy instead of his hand in friendship, and, all eyes following them, they walked together down the long room.

"You won't shake hands with me, I see," began Evelyn Tranter bluntly. "Well, you must do as you like. You oughtn't to blame me for existing, but it seems to me I can blame you pretty thoroughly for sitting down quietly in

my rightful home without taking the trouble to find out that I did, and do, exist. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would say that I've shown hideously bad taste in coming here to-night. But I do as I like; and I'd a fancy to see you before I begin to fight you."

She certainly did not veil her intentions, this outspoken young colonial. Sir Verlin bowed stiffly as he endeavoured to adapt his reserved nature to the awful truth and these unusual methods of conversational attack.

"Whoever you may be," he said, frigidly, "you have chosen to come here at a time ill-fitted for discussion. But all women, I trust, may count on courtesy at Haselton Hall." Then he indicated a chair, bowed again, and left her.

But the difficulties of Sir Verlin's position, even the immediate ones, were not to be so easily disposed of. The Californian was beautiful and alluring in a quite unusual style; and were young and impressionable men to leave these charms severely alone in a big chair? Introductions were sought, and Sir Verlin was harassed. The question of conduct was a delicate one. He knew nothing of this girl, and was he to undertake her introduction to his own circle? On the other hand, if she should prove to be his blood relation—!

Evelyn Tranter, sitting alone where he had left her, was keenly alive to the situation. Indeed her entire attention was occupied by four persons—Sir Verlin, his daughter Mary, the young man who had stepped forward as if to protect Mary Tranter from the newcomer who claimed cousinship; and another young man, well-dressed, talkative and handsome, who seemed to be all in all to the young hostess—so Evelyn Tranter thought—and did not object to the position. With quick eyes and brain, the Californian noted and weighed signs and facts, and was not altogether unprepared to see Sir Verlin, after ineffectual evasions and some inward debate, approach the first-mentioned man and bear him down the room towards herself. ●

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Hargrave," said Sir Verlin in his unbending manner. "He will escort you to the ball-room."

If Mr. Hargrave had feared there would be difficulty in conversing with this embarrassing young intruder, he was mistaken. She saved him all trouble.

"You are a friend of the family, and you have relieved Sir Verlin in an awkward predicament," she began.

Mr. Hargrave was taken aback, and tried to find words.

"Oh, don't mind me," she continued. "I understand Sir Verlin's trials. But—I've a heavy score against him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed!" she retorted. "We speak out plainer in California than you do in England, and I now feel that I have a right to ask why my father was left to die in poverty when this wealth was his, and why I am sitting here a stranger when the very chair is probably my own. I know you're thinking 'how unladylike' for me to talk so at once and to you. How Californian! But I'm of English blood, and it has something to do with you, too, for I've taken a liking for Mary Tranter, and you—you're in love with her."

"Really—!" he began, in angry protest.

"It's no use getting angry. You must just take it that I'm different from you English-born, and that I've guessed a thing or two. We're spry, you know, out there. Now, I can tell you that you won't be any the worse for my coming. You're a bit poorish, aren't you?"

Mr. Hargrave's sense of humour came to his aid.

"Not rich enough," he answered.

"I saw that. But there's a man over there who is—and yet—the lady does not look the sort to be bought—"

"We will not discuss the lady, if you please."

"There's your English stiffness again. Bless your heart, I don't want to say anything unkind of her. What I say is, you both want her at present,

and he has a better background, and the lady—"

"If you must mention the lady, I say she has a right to take a man if she loves him."

"Yes, and she does think she loves him. Now, if you will help me—"

"Do you expect me—" he began hotly.

"I expect you to do nothing," she replied calmly, "but thank me when you are engaged—which you will probably forget to do. If I read Mr. Popinjay aright—"

"Whose name is Aredale," he interposed.

"Mr. Popinjay Aredale," she corrected herself—"my task won't be difficult."

"Perhaps you wish me to introduce him to you," he suggested rather bitterly.

"No, thanks," she answered. "There will be no need to trouble you, you'll see. Now we will go to the ball-room, please, and I'll tell you, for your comfort, that you wouldn't have been a bad sort if you'd had the luck to be born our side the water—and without starch."

No one present ever forgot Mary Tranter's coming-of-age ball. Looking back afterwards it stood out as a turning point in many lives. A witch in white silk and pink roses had danced among them—dancing the hearts and senses out of the men and wonder and pain into the hearts of women. It was not all the witch's fault. There were but two men occupying her attention—one, Sir Verlin, she wished to pain; the other, Charles Aredale, merely to engage the attention of, to further a new scheme for the future good of a girl whose face had attracted her, and who, for some time, at least, would certainly not thank her for her interference.

On Mary Tranter's face surprise turned to swift, keen pain. She could not quite realize that this night of nights was to hold the death-hour of her happiness—that the man who had heretofore sought her, whom she loved, had deserted her, but she knew that she was heartsick and miserable

as her eyes followed Aredale and the Californian. She asked herself in anguish—"What does it all mean?"

Many asked that question as they watched the trend of events, for the whisper quickly went from ear to ear that this girl was the daughter of Evelyn Tranter, Sir Verlin's elder brother, and there were many to shake their heads and declare they always felt sure that the efforts to trace Evelyn Tranter had been quite inadequate. Then the girl herself! She was enough to bewitch a nation. And Aredale! From the moment he had caught sight of her, entering the ball-room on Hargrave's arm, and had felt her dark eyes upon him, he had lost his head under the spell of her charm. The hours which to Mary Tranter—who should have been queen of the night, to whom he had paid marked devotion for months—were leaden-footed, intolerable, were to him as swift moments of delight. First the stranger's beauty had drawn him; then her well-told story had gripped his cautious nature. Charles Aredale was rich, but he was also bourgeois, and he knew the value of position. If Mary Tranter were to be penniless, if this girl were heiress in her own right—!

Of all the eager men, Aredale was the favoured one. Dance followed dance, and laughter mingled with low-toned confidences. "The man's bewitched," the others laughed enviously. "The girl is darily unconventional," they suggested.

They were confirmed in their opinion. When the ball over, those who were in the hall heard Aredale dismiss Farmer Bassom's gig, and himself insist upon driving the beautiful stranger back to her lodging. As the two drove from the lamplight into the darkness Mary Tranter's anguished eyes were following them, and the first flakes of snow were beginning to fall.

Next morning the news thrilled through the snow-covered village and country-side, and robbed the blizzard of all its importance. Who could think of a snow-storm in face of the tidings that Mr. Evelyn's own daughter had

come, and that Sir Verlin was not the rightful master of the Hall?

As for Farmer Bassom and his good wife, they stared at one another in dismay. They, Sir Verlin's oldest tenants were harbouring the claimant to his property! It was terrible! Yet they had always loved Mr. Evelyn best as a lad—and if this should be his daughter—! The facts overwhelmed them; they left words and fell to staring again.

On Evelyn Tranter's coming upon them in passing through the hall, Farmer Bassom fled in cowardly haste, and left his wife to face the outspoken young lady.

"Come, I know what it's all about, Mrs. Bassom. You've heard the tale; and you don't know whether to turn me into the snow or not. Look at that," she said, drawing the good woman to the window and pointing to the white world outside, "then come to my room and listen."

Seated before the blazing fire, wrapped in a bewitching morning-gown, Evelyn Tranter told her tale, and told it well. There were tears in her own eyes as well as in those of Mrs. Bassom, as the story of two sisters was unfolded, of their hardships, struggles, neglect and poverty, till worn out with the fight for existence, the younger sister had died.

"When I think of that," the girl cried out, all the laughter gone from her now, "when I think that if she had had her rights she might be with me this moment, I feel I must make the man suffer, in revenge for our sufferings. Do you wonder?"

No, Mrs. Bassom did not wonder, her motherly heart was too soft for that. "But it'll be a hard job to turn out Sir Verlin," she said.

"I begin to-day," said the claimant determinedly. "Meanwhile, do you mean to turn me out into that very cold garden, when I'm so happy here?"

No, Mrs. Bassom didn't see how she could. It would seem strange to Sir Verlin, she was afraid; but there really wasn't another place in the village

where she liked to think of Miss Evelyn settling in.

"And I should die wandering about in the snow," said the beauty plaintively. Which remark seemed to settle the matter.

Except to Mr. Aredale and Mrs. Bassom, Evelyn Tranter did not tell her story, but while Mary Tranter sat in her boudoir with tragic, tear-stained eyes brooding over her heartache; while Sir Verlin sat in his study with gray-lined face, admitting, with inward groan and fear, the inadequacy of his enquiries as to his brother's death and heirship; while Percy Hargrave strode restlessly along snowy roads chafing under the pain which he knew was being inflicted on the girl he loved, and the pain yet in store for her—the cruelty of her lover and the threatened loss of her home; while the self-satisfied Mr. Aredale was lounging in a luxurious chair smoking cigarettes, re-reading his ball programme, and planning a fresh meeting with the bewitching Californian, the bewitching Californian herself was writing to her lawyers, taking the first steps towards establishing her claim to Haselton Hall.

As the December days wore on, events moved quickly. For the outside world there were merely rumours for the imaginations to feed on, rumours which grew vastly in the telling; but for those more nearly concerned, things were far more serious. Miss Evelyn Tranter's papers and proofs wore a decidedly genuine appearance, her statements were straightforward and faithful in detail, and although Sir Verlin's solicitors smiled tolerantly as they listened, and took on the air of those who indulgently bear with fairy stories for the sake of humouring a child, they could bring no definite contradiction, and were forced to fall back at once upon the question of identification.

And Evelyn Tranter had her desire; she was making Sir Verlin suffer. Those who knew him best could note the suffering most keenly, though he strove to maintain his usual calm, and

almost irritably desired no changes to be shown, no signs betrayed.

In this way the time wore on towards Christmas. "Such a happy Christmas it was to have been," sobbed Mary Tranter in girlish self-pity, as she recalled the merry meetings in which she and her friends had talked of skating, dancing and feasting for rich and poor, and Aredale had been always at her side seconding and suggesting, and Hargrave had worked to carry out her wishes. And now! "Why did she come!" she moaned with childish inconsistency, seeing only her own troubles, and not realizing that there might be right on the other side, too.

It was while she was in this mood that Sir Verlin sent for her. The news from his solicitors that morning had struck a warning note. The claimant's proofs were being followed up with somewhat disquieting results, and the sight of his daughter's tear-stained face, added to his gnawing anxiety, chafed him into irritability, and he spoke sharply. His mind was too full of the threatened loss of home and position for him to realize that his daughter had a private sorrow of her own.

"There must be no showing of the white feather, I beg," he began. "This strange young woman is putting me to great anxiety and expense, and indeed we have real difficulties before us. I—I will not deny that the news this morning is bad. But for Heaven's sake don't let us go about looking as if we had stolen Haselton. I sent for you to desire that you follow your ordinary occupations, that you do not mope and show the world we are afraid. Let everything go forward as we had planned. We are within a few days of Christmas; remember it is my especial wish that Christmas shall be kept up with more than usual merriment. Do you understand?"

"Yes papa," the girl answered dutifully, even while her heart was crying out, "What do I care for appearances, or lands, or money when my heart is broken!"

When, the interview being over, she

re-crossed the hall, she came face to face with Hargrave.

Mary Tranter was a very simple English girl, young and silly perhaps, wearing her heart on her sleeve, lacking dignity; but she was miserably unhappy, and Hargrave loved her so devotedly, that her white, hopeless face now broke down his reserve.

"Come out," he said, in a sudden, commanding voice which she scarcely recognized; and wrapping a big cloak about her, he led the way to the terrace, whither she followed without interest or protest.

"Mary dear, it isn't worth all this," he urged. She had known him so long and so well that she never doubted to what he referred. He, Percy, would understand that she cared little that the stranger should take her home; but her lover—!

"Can I help that?" she asked wildly.

"You love him, dear?"

She bowed her head. "He never asked me—" she began—"but I thought—"

"Of course you did. He's—"

"Don't, don't," she implored. "He is good; it is she—. Oh, I'm tortured!"

"I know that torture," he said quietly.

"You know!" she shook her head, with a sad, incredulous smile.

"I have been tortured for many months," he persisted.

For a moment she forgot herself. "Who has tortured you?" she demanded.

"You have," he answered quietly—"you and Aredale."

It was good for her to know this now, he knew; it would rouse her.

"Do you mean that you—"

"I love you; and I know every pang you are feeling; and I know it is so hard to bear, and I love you so dearly that I would gladly go on with the torture if you might be spared it."

She paused, trying to realize the sudden revelation.

"I like to feel that," she said at length, slowly, unconscious of her

great selfishness. "Fancy your loving me—in that way, I never thought of it. You know—I can never—"

"Yes, dear, I know."

"You are good, Percy," she said with a sigh; the sigh sounded heart-broken—nevertheless she felt somewhat comforted.

They had left the terrace and turned towards the lodge gate, walking slowly now, each thinking of the tangle of their lives. He, as usual, was thinking of her; she, as was unusual, was giving some of her thoughts to him.

The sound of merry voices at last roused them. They had unthinkingly neared the road, on the other side of which lay a big, straggling pond, now frozen many inches thick.

With a swift return to the present, Mary Tranter's cheeks paled with foreboding, and hurrying up a little slope which commanded the scene, she looked eagerly, fearfully down at the merry-makers. As Hargrave reached her side, her wide, excited eyes had lighted on what she had dreaded to see. With a little moan, like that of a hurt child, she turned and held her hand to him, as Aredale and Evelyn Tranter skimmed over the ice before them, hand in hand.

"You are going to be brave," he whispered. "I want you to be brave."

For the few remaining days before Christmas, Mary Tranter tried to obey her father's commands, and imitate Hargrave's fortitude. Under the latter's escort, she walked each morning, white-faced, but smiling, over the frozen snow to join the merry-making at the pond. Her teeth were set hard behind her lips, but her heart—! It was like exposing a raw wound to a goad, to skim by the couple on whom all her thoughts would dwell.

Above and beyond Aredale's infatuation for the vivacious, beautiful claimant the cautiousness handed down to him by his forefathers, warned him that to indulge his "little fancy," as he had come to term it, for Mary Tranter, would be madness under the circumstances, even

had he still wished to; while the heiress of Haselton Hall was a prudent choice. Whoever might slight Evelyn Tranter before her claim was proved, he, Charles Aredale, was not the man to do so. He had satisfied himself of the strength of her claim, and he followed her as a shadow; her somewhat cavalier treatment of him serving only to fire his passion.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Mary Tranter, still striving for her new bravery, rose from table determined to be outwardly cheerful, if only for the sake of others. The gray anxiety which crept over Sir Verlin's face as he read his letters, struck on her with some realization of his sorrow. He would need all her help these days.

There was much to be done, for many guests were to fill the house to overflowing this night—so many that the dinners were to be held in the hall and barn instead of the dining-room; for rich and poor were to feast at Haselton on this first Christmas of the heiress's coming of age. There were, too, gifts and alms to be set ready—so much had been neglected lately—decorations were to be organized, and rooms prepared.

The snow had ceased falling for many days; the ground was white and hard, the cold was exhilarating. In the huge fireplaces the logs were blazing, the walls gradually grew bright with holly and shining evergreens, the smell of good cheer from the kitchen regions was wafted to the more dignified passages whenever opportunity was allowed, which in the cheerful bustle of preparation was not infrequent.

So the hours passed, and the pain in Mary's heart fought for the mastery as she went about her work. Then the short day closed in, and the anguish tore her fictitious courage to tatters. Trembling in every limb, she turned to fly to the solitude of her own room, and caught sight of Sir Verlin, standing in silence in the glowing hall, looking round it with the look of a man stricken at heart. Then she saw him turn with a groan and enter his study.

Impulsively she ran to him; but he waved her back.

That action seemed to be the last straw in her burden. She did not guess that the strong, self-sufficient man was fearful of breaking down; she saw only the stern forbidding, and she shrank back quivering under the repulse.

No one wanted her—lover, happiness, home, father—nothing was left. Why should she strive and suffer and bear torture. No one cared. The world was empty, cold, bitter. With strained, glittering eyes she turned from the closed door, and leaving the brightness and merriment, went out into the snow. She knew—she would end it all. When he knew, perhaps he would be sorry.

Tears of misery and self-pity poured down her cheeks. Over the hard snow, the cracking ice pool, across the road—she knew—it was in the near corner the ice had been broken for the cattle. Ugh! It would be cold and black, and—

"Mary Tranter! What are you going to do?"

Mary Tranter turned on the figure, which suddenly appeared beside her.

"I am going to do what you have driven me to," she cried wildly. "I am going to end it all, and you shall not stop me."

For long moments Evelyn Tranter stood there on the ice, in the darkening day, with the lonely white country round her, shaken to the very foundations of her nature, appalled by the work she had done, yet gripping with a grip of iron the desperate girl she had followed.

Evelyn Tranter, however, was not the girl to lose her self-possession at a crisis. Her voice when she next spoke was shaken and strained, but her tones were calm.

"You must tell me what you mean," she commanded; "there is some mistake."

"There is no mistake. You have taken my lover, my home, my happiness. What good is life to me?"

"Hush!" said Evelyn Tranter gently. "Listen. I have not taken your lover really, if you will but believe me. Your real lover is a brave gentleman, devoted to you, and worth your love. The man you are unhappy about—ah, let me tell you, you never loved him. You looked at his handsome face—"

"Oh!" angrily.

"No. I don't mean to insult you. You looked, and your good, pure heart gave him qualities he never had. You loved the man you thought Charles Aredale to be. You couldn't love the man he is—ready to fly to the latest face; ready to forswear his love when it is prudent to do so. Think of him as dead, my dear; I swear to you he never lived. And I vow I never loved or wanted him."

The arm which had been straining under Evelyn's grip grew slack; the wild gleam died from Mary's eyes and a new light dawned in them as she strained to see her companion's face in the darkness.

"As to your home," continued Evelyn, "I have not taken that either. Go there now, and dress yourself in all your bravery for the night's feasting."

Puzzled, distracted, confused, Mary Tranter gazed in silence.

"You must," continued the other, "for I am coming again uninvited to Haselton Hall. And I shall have something to say to you and your father. Go straight back now and prepare, and in an hour's time I will come to you."

In an hour's time Sir Verlin, raising his bowed head, saw before him his daughter in her shining white gown and as he had first seen her, the Californian in her pink and white bravery. In wrath and amazement he rose.

"Sir Verlin," began the visitor, raising her hand as if to avert his wrath. "I have come to tell you a story—and a piece of news."

He bowed haughtily and waited.

"It is Christmas," she went on with a brave, ringing voice—"The season of peace and good-will. Will you bear that in mind and will you listen?"

"Yes," he said, wearily, the wrath dying somewhat and chiefly the old anxiety remaining.

Then Evelyn told her story—the story of an exiled heir, sent, wild, reckless, and extravagant, by a stern, unbending father to a wild, lawless country. The struggles, the hot, unforgiving pride, the growth in manliness and character, the sweetness of temper of this exile; of his work, his love, his marriage.

Of the two listeners one was eager-eyed and excited, the other as yet stern and untouched.

"Those were not unhappy days," continued the girl, "but when the adored wife died leaving two little girls to the heart-broken father, the world seemed black indeed. He strove to work on, but the light had gone out of his life. Far afield he wandered to seek work and distraction, faithfully sending back such small sums as he could earn for the maintenance of the children. But it soon ended; he had no wish to live, and he died."

There were tears in her voice as she went on to tell of the hardships of these little children, fallen among hard taskmasters in a rough land; of the patience, the delicacy of the younger sister, the passionate anguish of the elder who watched her die.

"It was then—then, when a few days after her death the old, travel-stained papers proving Evelyn Tranter's heirship came back from his mates to my hands, that I vowed by all the sufferings of my dead sister, that I would bring to those who might have prevented it some of the pain they had made her bear. For a whole year I was forced to live on in poverty and helplessness; then money came to me, abundance of money, one of those turns of fortune we know more of in my country than you do in yours—from a rough, gold-digging uncle, dying without wife or child; and I started, telling no one, on my mission of revenge."

Sir Verlin's face had pity on it by this time, mingling with his pride and resentment.

"Well," he said, at last, "you have

fulfilled your vow. You are having your revenge. You have merely to prove the truth of your statements. What, then, do you want here to-night? To gloat over your success?"

"I came for two things—the story to explain my action, I have told you—but the piece of news—"

She moved close to them, her eyes were glittering. The listeners stood as if under her spell.

"I," she said, slowly, "was only a step-daughter of Evelyn Tranter. My mother was secretly married before though no one knew it but her second husband. I have no right here whatever. Indeed, I am sorry now for my anger. It can do my sister no good. I have come to give you this knowledge now as my Christmas gift."

It was the brilliant stranger now who broke down, burying her face in her hands. It was Sir Verlin, helped by Mary Tranter, who comforted.

That night there was joy indeed at Haselton Hall, and not a little amazement, too; for in all the feasting and gladness the witch who had danced into their midst a month ago, danced again now with a happy face and a gay word for every one; and it was clear to all eyes that between herself and her host and hostess there was perfect goodwill and accord.

The only absentee was Mr. Charles Aredale, to whom Miss Evelyn had sent a letter of explanation earlier in the evening.

It was a Christmas to be long remembered. The night of gloom had lifted, the dawn of good-feeling was bright. Even Mary found that there was something comforting in Percy Hargrave's love and attention, which she had not noticed before it had been pointed out to her.

"But you, you yourself?" she asked, as she stood aside once with her new friend, looking out on the snow and listening to the clashing, clanging bells. "When you leave us, must you be lonely and sad?"

"Not a bit," declared Evelyn. "My own faithful lover has traced me out at last and followed me, and I have every hope that good Mrs. Bassom is at this moment declaring to him that hot negus is quite the best thing after a long journey. Let me dance out of your lives as I danced into them, feeling that I have done you no real harm, but, perhaps, a little good." She looked at Mary with a question in her eyes.

"I believe you may have been right," replied Mary, gravely, but not sadly. "I think it is possible that I may have made a mistake. You will think me fickle, of course, but—"

"No, I don't think you fickle, my dear," declared the pink and white witch mischievously, "only suffering from a bad dream, and now awaking—awaking just in time, too, for a merry Christmas, and a New Year, the like of which you've never known before."

AUTUMN

SWEET Autumn, full of glamorous days,
How doth thy music prophecy
The transience of Time and Earth's dim ways,
And splendours that must die!

Yet in thy passing as the sun
That loves the hill-top where it glows,
Breathe on us ere thy golden dream is done—
Some ultimate repose!

Inglis Morse

WILL NOVEL-READING CEASE?

By Bernard McEvoy

IT is not every newspaper editor that is ready at a moment's notice to formulate a definite opinion on any new question that may turn up. For though the majority of newspaper editors do advise us in the most solemn way as to what we ought to do and be, a sudden bolt from the blue is apt to perturb even their serene confidence in their own judgment. With the usual run of things there is no trouble. An old tune, with a few variations to bring it up to date, can be readily turned out of the daily or weekly barrel-organ. But let some astounding event happen, and it is a crucial test of the editor's basic capacities. Of course, he will say something next day, and the younger he is the more assured will be his utterance. The "old bird" will not be caught in that particular snare. He will probably write a non-committal article, so that his paper may not come out without editorial comment on what is in everybody's mouth, but which will really not say much either one way or the other. Meanwhile it is possible that he will send his cleverest reporter round to various prominent men in his city to ascertain what *they* think. Nothing is more interesting than the results of this line of procedure, and the statements made by these flattered but flustered individuals are frequently such as make them inclined to gnash their teeth when they see what they have said in uncompromising print. Ever afterwards they have a sore feeling against the sudden referendum to which they have been subjected. They determine that they will not be exploited in that way again, and, in future, either dodge the reporter or refuse to speak. It is only here and there that Universal Advisers are found who are always ready and eager to be interviewed on any earthly or heavenly theme. Nevertheless, the varying statements of opinion

which are thus obtained are very attractive. A keen, eager air, as of the debating society of one's youth, breathes in these diverse utterances.

Something of the same sort of interest attaches to a series of short articles on the question "Will the Novel Disappear?" which formed the opening section of a recent *North American Review*. Five literary men of note gave their views on certain opinions of Jules Verne on this subject which had previously been printed in the *London Daily Mail*. The five were among the most prominent of the writers of the United States, viz.: James Lane Allen, William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland, Hamilton W. Mabie, and John Kendrick Bangs. It is plain, from what they say, that their opinions had not been demanded of them at the point of the reporter's pencil for publication in next day's paper. They were evidently allowed time to consider their statements, and these utterances form a most interesting magazine article.

But though these United States authors were not "held up" for their opinions and made to stand and deliver, it is evident that Jules Verne was. The reporter of the *London Daily Mail* had him at his mercy, and under these conditions the victim, no doubt, said things which he has since regretted. We should be grateful to him for sacrificing himself. If there were not a number of valorous men who do not stop to look before they leap, very little would be done in the world. Prudence is overdone, and perpetual caution is tiresome and worldly. All honour to those who are occasionally carried away by impulse. The person who is not thus sometimes carried away is probably little worth carrying at all. We are therefore grateful to Jules Verne, who, with the *élan* of a cavalry officer whips out his sword in a flash,

and flourishes it round the devoted head of Modern Fiction. We do not believe the Frenchman is right when he says that Modern Fiction is going to die. But if he had not said so we should not have had this delightful series of articles from these American writers.

"Jules Verne leaned forward and drummed gently on the table. 'I do not think there will be any novels or romances, at all events in volume form, in fifty or one hundred years from now,' he said. 'They will be supplanted altogether by the daily newspaper, which has already taken such a grip of the lives of the progressive nations.'

"'But the romance, the novel, the descriptive story, the story historic, and the story psychological?'

"'They will all disappear,' said M. Verne. 'They are not necessary, and even now their merit and their interest are fast declining. As historic records the world will file its newspapers. Newspaper writers have learned to cover everyday events so well, that to read them will give posterity a truer picture than historic or descriptive novels could do; and as for the novel psychological, that will soon cease to be, and will die of inanition in your own lifetime.'

James Lane Allen is the first to comment on this dictum, and he starts out with the apparently gratuitous suggestion that M. Verne was not sincere in what he said.

"Whatsoever else a Frenchman may not be," says Mr. Allen, "when in earnest he is sure to be logical. The absence of logic here may conceivably be accounted for on the ground that M. Verne was not in earnest. He is a very keen, subtle, humorous Frenchman; he seems to have been in a playful mood; he may have wished to elude his interviewers; he is an old master of extravaganza and of hoax. Possibly when the grave Englishman had captured these volatile statements and airy nothings, and taken leave, M. Verne may have shrugged his shoulders and congratulated himself that he is not an Anglo-Saxon. Any serious consideration of his views scarcely seems worth while."

Mr. Allen, nevertheless, goes on to give them serious consideration on a couple of pages. His insinuation that the French novelist was playing with the reporter is, to my thinking, "the most unkindest cut of all." Moreover, his statement that Jules Verne is "very keen, subtle and humorous" does not seem to me to have much foundation in fact. Howells, Garland and Mabie

evidently think the Frenchman meant what he said, and if the whimsical John Kendrick Bangs doesn't—well, he is a jester. I think that to most readers the utterances of M. Verne, taking the entire interview, will appear to be quite in earnest. The nature of humour does not show in them, partly for the reason that M. Verne is no more a humorist than is Mr. Allen himself. Neither is he "very keen" or "subtle." William Dean Howells indicates his characteristics very much more truly when he says, "He himself (M. Verne) formerly wrote a kind of fiction which we ourselves found entirely delightful; frank, fearless in design, scientific in its facts, inherently impossible, but preserving a respect for probability at every step, convincing of its reality by the author's air of absolute sincerity and embodying a sort of rude elementary character with a charming *bonhomie*." If Mr. Allen should say that Verne's frankness and "air of absolute sincerity" were simply the supreme achievement of a masterly subtlety, I should beg leave to differ from him. A man of that kind would not naturally gravitate towards the delineation of the sort of "rude elementary character" of which Mr. Howells speaks. Barring this false stroke, Mr. Allen's contradiction of Verne's prophecy is convincing and definite, though when he says that "the statement was positively made a hundred years ago that the novel was not needed then," I do not know to whose statement he refers. In 1802 the number of novels was too small to give rise to much talk of that kind.

William Dean Howells deals with the subject in a manner which betokens keen perception, a reflective mind, and a wide outlook on life, combined with a humour that is altogether delightful. He also recalls the fact that in past years, "say 1870," there was much talk of the immediate evanescence of the novel. But Mr. Howells thinks that as fiction was beloved by the earliest people of our race so it will be beloved by the latest. I cannot forbear quoting the following:

"The cave-dweller sitting at his cavern door in the cool of the evening, and absently picking out the simple chords of stone-age music on the sinews stretched upon the thigh-bone of the brother he had eaten, listened with the same rapture to the taradiddles of some gifted neighbour as the twentieth century maiden feels in hanging over the page of the largest-selling book of the actual summer, and when time is getting ready to be no more, the Last Man shall say to the Next to the Last, 'Now that we are not likely to be interrupted, here is a little thing of mine in three volumes that I would like to read you before we die,' and the Next to the Last Man will gather himself into an attitude of comfortable attention, and cling to each fleeting breath in the hope that the universal asphyxiation will spare him till he knows whether They get married."

Mr. Howells is finely critical and judicial in disposing of Verne's theory that the newspaper will supplant the novel. He gives the art of the reporter its full credit and value, but he does not recognize in that art any legitimate successor to that of the novelist. He has his sly dig at the so-called "historical novels" with which the market has been flooded. "The average reporting on its own plane is certainly much better art than the average historical novelling." And again: "Even the poor despised historical novel is fast grounded in the ignorance and imbecility of the race." But his strong point is his contention that the mainstay of the novel is the psychological element. "It is probable," he says, "that the psychological novel will be the most enduring, as it has been the most constant phase of fiction. Every other kind of novel lives or dies by so much or so little psychology as it has in it." Analyzing the other ingredients that may contribute to a novel's temporary success, he speaks very amusingly of the way in which every kind of plot has been used again and again. "They are all so shop-worn that it is wonderful anyone has the face to take them down from the shelf and offer them to a customer." But the psychological element—the delineation of character, of affairs, of motives; the fascination of man for man, not to say the fascination of man for woman or the reverse—these will never die.

Hamilton W. Mabie contents him-

self with a short denial of M. Verne's theory, and affirms that neither as a critic of literature nor as a prophet of things to come has the French writer established his authority. He says in serious, nicely-expressed prose what Mr. Howells says so humorously in the passage already quoted, viz., that story-telling began with the earliest ages and will probably remain till the latest. But the difference between Mr. Mabie and Mr. Howells is the same as that which exists between a bottle of "still" and a bottle of "sparkling" hock.

The humane and comprehensive mind and the accurate observation of Mr. Hamlin Garland are to be seen in what he says about M. Verne's prediction. He takes that writer seriously and frankly, and modestly says, "I think M. Verne is in the wrong." Recognizing the immense power of the newspaper as a means of distributing all kinds of literature, Mr. Garland yet thinks that its instantaneousness, with its "views of life, like snapshots by means of a kodak," will militate against its in any way taking the place of the novel with its "calm and fateful delineation of human life." Moreover, he makes a point when he says that the newspaper "deals too largely with crime, with the abnormal, the diseased, to be in any sense a true chronicle of our time."

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs is not a humane humorist. He seems a rather inhuman jester. But he is very clever and caustic, even if his writings do not possess that genial love of human nature which makes humour live from age to age. With his tongue in his cheek, he says:—

"I quite agree with M. Jules Verne in his prophecy that the novel is passing, and that in a hundred years from now there will be no such form of literature, or at least not as we know it. History is being made so rapidly nowadays, events are piling up so quickly, and in such enormous quantity that the men and women of the future will have no time to read the story, which whatever its intrinsic motives, is, after all, *pour passer le temps*. It will require all the leisure of that future public to keep abreast of their own times, and consequently the novel will cease to exist, unless, of course, the ideal publisher who publishes just for the fun of it, comes into being

with other improvements of the age—which is a doubtful prospect."

From this point on, Mr. Bangs treats us to excellent fooling. "If wireless telegraphy, why not bookless romances, typeless novels, pageless poems? We already have jokeless comic papers." Then, growing more extravagant with the jingle of the bells on his cap, he says that in the future people will take their fiction while they sleep by the agency of pills taken before retiring, and acting immediately thereafter. "The man who wants a poem of a certain kind will swallow what, for lack of a better term, we may call 'the Alfred Austin Pellet,' then there will be 'Caine's Capsules for Creepy Creatures,' each guaranteed to contain ten grains of gloom, and absolutely free from humour, lightness and sunshine, and which, taken three times a day, will enable every man to be his own 'Manxman.' . . . Some clever druggist will meet the literary necessities of the hour, and put up all the literature that anybody can possibly want in small doses, in every variety, and at a price which will bring it within the reach of all." Who can help laughing at such a man, every corpuscle of whose blood must be lineally descended from the veins of those great jesters who formerly were allowed to take such unbounded liberties in the palaces of dukes and kings, and who now magnifies a similar office in the many palaces of the United States. And let us rejoice that he has not failed—in this also imitating his confreres of old—in "not infrequently employing his rare faculty of humour through which he has amused and delighted hosts of readers, to enforce sane views upon serious subjects."

To what has already been advanced

by these distinguished writers of the adjoining republic, I as a Canadian writer, may add my humble conviction that the novel is not likely to disappear. I know that Canadian novels are not. In manuscript, at all events, they will continue to be produced, and will daily help in filling His Majesty's mail-bags in transit to or from the offices of hard-hearted publishers. Much very good paper is made in Canada, the native home of pulpwood, and if the fiction that, at much pains, covers reams of it, bears too close a resemblance to the material on which it is written, I do not see that anybody can immediately prevent it. Our experience does not differ from that of other intelligent countries. There are always a large number of stories being printed, and there always will be. I believe that there are markets for fiction yet undreamed of, and virgin mines of closely-packed readers that have not yet been even prospected. I agree with James Lane Allen, that one of the needs for the continued existence of works of fiction is because "they add to the innocent and noble pleasures of life," and that such a wide field of human endeavour is sure to employ many workers of a high type. No doubt there are many writers who are attracted to the writing of novels in the hope of obtaining those rewards of distinction and money which the pursuit is supposed to bring. But now and again the one with the heaven-born gift comes along, who writes because he must, and who gives us, fresh and golden, the fruit from the gardens of the gods. I suppose that he will be raised up in the future as he has been in the past, and I know that when he gives the world his book the world will always be eager to read it.



GEORDIE'S HOME-COMING

By Newton MacTavish

THE weaver's loom stood in a little shop opposite the forge, and oftentimes towards evening of a slack afternoon old Geordie would desert his shuttle and carry himself upon bent legs across the way to add a pinch of salt to the simmering pot-pie of local intelligence. Sometimes his wife, Elsie, would precede him, an event that always called forth a heated harangue on the respect due a decent man from his better half. The women-folk would have already gathered at the forge-door on the way from the village spring to their respective kitchens, a sign to the initiated that the air hung heavy with gossip.

But a day came when Geordie sat with pricked ears and rigid jaw, and Elsie stood silent and dignified. For it was a great day in Cloverdale—the soldiers were coming home from the war.

It should not be thought that the little village had sent a large quota to South Africa. She had sent but two men, two of her swarthiest youths to do battle for the Empire. One was the son of the weaver, the other the son of the blacksmith.

Now, although old Geordie sat with closed lips and indifferent air as his neighbours reviewed the gallant deeds of the warriors, the pride of an honest man shone upon him. And as for Elsie, she at moments took a far-away look, and there was the work of an imprisoned smile upon her face.

"They're to get medals and free land from the Government," the old Scotch couple heard their neighbours say, and then they listened to short sentences of praise that fell from the expectant group. They heard that a train with the soldiers aboard was to pass through the village that very night, and that a band from a neighbouring town had been engaged to escort the Cloverdale heroes to their homes.

Geordie listened until he could stand it no longer. Then he moved to the back of the forge, and raised himself to the little seat in the corner, just back of and above the glowing coals. He stretched his legs towards the hissing flame, and then in the shadow behind the light his austere face became wonderfully covered with smiles. He reached down and got a live coal for his pipe, and soon forgot all about the gossip in the doorway. He leaned back and muttered to himself, and the syllables fell upon the small boy at his feet.

"Aye, man," he mused, "it's grand to feel the heat rinnin' up yer pant-legs as if it'd fair burst the stitchin'; aye, man, but it's grand to feel't, espacially whin ye haena had a beverage at the tavern sin yestreen. But wee Geordie 'll be hame the nicht, and the lads 'll be haein' a bit sip on the heid o't. I'll hae to be stanin' roun' sneekin' chances. I ken weel enif I ended wi' a roarin' drunk at their leave-takin', but I'll hae to hold my horses 'gin their home-comin'. I'll be aroun' the taivern, and if anybody asks me to tak' a drap, I'll no see it slippin' me. If big Bob Hoggarth's there, he'll grab the stove full o' live coals, and carry it oot to the middle o' the road. Then he'll lead the way back to the bar, and line the lads up for drinks. I'll be stanin' in sicht. When Bob cranes roun' to ken if iverybody's up, he'll say, 'Hae ye stoppit drinkin', Geordie?' 'Weel, I canna say I hae, Bob,' I'll answer. 'Then come awa up and hae something,' he'll say. 'Weel, I dinna mind if I dae,' I'll answer; and when the bartender says: 'What'll ye hae?' lookin' at me, I'll say, 'Och, gie us what I awa's tak.' The lads 'll be thinkin' to themselfs, 'Haivens, man, but he's the auld deevil for the whusky, is Geordie, the vera deevil himsel' aifter it.'

"That'll be the fairest beverage.

"Then ye'll see the lads a' gangin' to the hint end o' the bar-room. Jock McAlleer 'll be stanin' in the middle o' th' floore. He'll gie a jump and kick ane side o' the room, and then the ither side, afore he touches the floore again. They'll ca' for drinks. I'll be stanin' in sicht. 'Ye may's weel hae anither, Geordie,' Jock 'll say. 'Vera weel, Jock, I'll say, aff-handed like, 'seein' it's yersel,' and the lads 'll look at ane anither when the bar-tender hands me the whuskey 'thoot askin' what I'll tak'.

"That'll be twa beverages.

"I fancy I can see Bul Norris takin' aff his coat. He's gaein' to clear the room o' ivy ane in't. I'll slip oot by the side door, and I'll gie wee Geordie the wink. Afore we can rin roun' to the bar-room door, we'll hear the smithy lightin' on the broad o' his back on the groond. Then they'll a' come rollin' oot in a heap. I'll get roun' jist in time to grip Bul by the hand and say: 'Ah, man, that wiz grand. Ye oucht to be wi' the Black Watch.' Afore I'll hav' time to say ony mair they'll be a' lined up at the bar. I'll be stanin' in sicht. Bul 'll look roun' and catch my een. He'll gie a nod, as much as to say, 'Line up, Geordie,' and I'll gie a nod as much as to say, 'Dinna fear, Bul, I'm takin' my time.' Then I'll line up, and find the bar-tender has a'ready poored me oot whuskey. I'll doon it like it wiz the fairst glass.

"But that'll be the thaird beverage.

"By that time they'll be callin' on wee Geordie for a tale o' the wars, and gin he's finished I'll hae to tak' my stand beside him at the bar. If he says he'll tak' whuskey wi' me, I'll be near to splittin' at the looks on the ither's' faces, and I fancy I can hear them sayin' he's a chip aff the auld stick.

"That'll be the fourth beverage.

"A thick tumbler and a tenpenny nail 'll be placed on the bar. Jim Feeney 'll be stanin' aside them. I'll be stanin' in sicht. Jim 'll chew a bit oot o' the tumbler, and wi' his teeth break the nail in twa bits. Then the lads 'll a' line up again for

drinks. If Jim says, "We'll drink to the health o' Geordie, he bein' the faither o' wee Geordie," I'll hold my glass 'thoot raisin' it to my lips. Then Jim 'll say: 'What's the matter, Geordie?' and I'll say: 'Haivens, man, I canna be expecit to drink my ain health.' But I'll slip it doon when they're no lookin'.

"That'll be the feefth beverage."

The anvil rang out loud and clear, and maidens of the village, balling yarn or kneading dough, hummed tunes to the smith's rhythmic stroke. Stout horses, waiting to be shod, stamped upon the floor, and sparks from the forge flew upwards with every puff of the bellows. Blue smoke curled from the pipes of a few loungers in the background, and white steam rose slowly as heated tongs sank sizzling in the cooling tub. The air was heavy with the smell of scorched hoofs and the gossip of the women-folk in the doorway. Geordie looked up at the row of iron shoes hanging upon the beam overhead. His muttering continued:

"I'll be makin' to feel mighty fine. Crippled Dan 'll be gettin' oot his fiddle. But afore he can get her strung the lads 'll be lined up for anither drink. When big Bob sees me takin' whuskey again he'll whisper to the bartender: 'Nae mistakin', he is the vera deevil for the whuskey, is Geordie;' and the bartender 'll say, thinkin' I'm no hearin': 'He's only jist gettin' staired.'

"That'll be the sixth beverage.

"By that time Dan 'll hae got the fiddlin' staired. I'll be stanin' in the middle o' the floore feelin' mighty fine. The whuskey 'll hae limmered my shanks, and the thocht o' wee Geordie hame again 'll make me feel like a tickled tyke. When they a' ca' oot, 'Gie us a step, Geordie,' I'll stairt canny-like. Lemme see noo: I mus na gang o'er muckle swift at fairst; I'll hae to work them up till't. I'll stairt oot wi' a slow step 'thoot ony turn. Then I'll rin a turn in. Before he's fiddled many roun's, I'll be daein' the dooble step, wi' a turn in every bar. The lads'll be thinkin', 'Haivens,

man! but Geordie's light on his shanks; and then I'll fair let oot, giein' them a taste o' the real fling, wi' a tech o' hornpipe at the feenish."

The women folk had moved on from the forge door, for the preparation of the evening meal had called them. Soon the few loungers in the background emerged from the obscurity of blue smoke and white steam, but Geordie remained. The thoughts of music and dancing seemed to have soothed him. His eyes were almost closed; his pipe was out. Dimly he saw the row of iron shoes upon the beam overhead; faintly he heard the sound of stamping hoofs and clanging anvil, as red-hot tongs sank sizzling in the cooling tub. The flames at his feet purred more loudly than before, and bright sparks shot upwards with every puff of the bellows. But Geordie's eyes at last were closed; he was asleep.

The old weaver was awakened by Elsie tugging at his trouser-leg.

"Rise up, man," said she, above the hissing of the flame, "the sipper's simmerin' on the fennier, an' I'm fair played oot gin yer comin'."

"Losh, wummin," said Geordie, dragging himself from the warm corner, "I was na keepin' coont on the hour."

They were at the railway station early that night, the old Scotch couple, and every few minutes Geordie would run out to the middle of the track, endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the engine's headlight.

"Are they in sicht, Geordie?" Elsie would ask.

"They're no forrit the bend," Geordie would answer.

Then the crowd began to gather, and Geordie and Elsie took a stand close together on the platform.

"I sweer I can hear them roarin' yont the hill," said Elsie.

"Whisht, wummin; we're afore them at ony rate."

"Will Geordie hae on the kilts?"

"Haivens, Elsie, ye're no thinkin'

he'd come stavin hame wi' they breeks?"

"I'm no thinkin' onythin'. I'm fair daft wi' the glory o't."

Some one shouted that the train was beyond the curve, and then the band began to play. The old Scotch couple gripped each other by the hand, and there was a choking sensation in their throats. The crowd began to surge around them, but they stood as motionless and apparently as little concerned as two statues. Even the shriek of the engine and the shouts of the crowd failed to move them; but a close observer could see their eyes glistening, and had he been nearer he might have heard their hearts thumping.

The train stopped. For a moment there was a pause. Then the band played "Home, Sweet Home," and the crowd put forth a great shout. Geordie and Elsie saw the smith's son lifted high upon the shoulders of his old comrades. But where was the weaver's son?

The band headed a procession, and up the street went the crowd. Still, the old Scotch couple stood hand-in-hand—waiting. Their faces became drawn and their breathing short. Just as the train began to depart, an officer passed by where Geordie and Elsie stood.

"Hae ye seen onythin' o' wee Geordie?" asked old Geordie.

"Geordie who?" demanded the officer, shortly.

"Geordie McAllister."

"Oh, McAllister; he's dead."

Elsie drew closer to Geordie, and her hand clutched nervously at his elbow. The train passed out of sight, and the old Scotch couple were left alone. Away up in the village they could hear the shouts of their neighbours, and the joy that had lived in their hearts went out.

"Are you coming up to the tavern to-night, Geordie?" asked a neighbour, as the weaver and his wife stepped upon the doorstep of their little shop opposite the forge.

"I'm no thinkin' I wul," answered Geordie, lifting the latch.

"Where's young Geordie?"

"I'm thinkin' he's no comin' hame."

"He'll be at the tavern with the other boys."

"I'm no thinkin' it."

The door of the weaver's shop stood open.

"He'll be looking for you," said the neighbour.

"I'm thinkin' he wul," replied Geordie, and then the door closed.

Elsie said nothing.

Geordie lit a candle, and then he and his wife sat down hand-in-hand by the kitchen fire. They were sore tried, and words were not of their making.

Presently they raised their eyes and there on the opposite side of the stove sat a stalwart youth in kharki. At first they questioned it, having expected the kilts. But the youth arose and spoke, and, lo! it was wee Geordie! They covered him with their arms, and the joy that had gone came back.

"Man," said old Geordie, as soon as he had caught his breath, "Ye gied us the slip fair."

"I dropped off the rear coach," said wee Geordie, and ran across the field and up the back lane. I wanted to miss the crowd and be at home first."

It was some other McAllister who had died, but the old Scotch couple forgot all about that. They remembered only that their son had returned, and a great pride shone in their faces. They sat down again hand-in-hand by the kitchen fire, and their son sat with them.

Scarcely had they resumed their seats before a thumping came upon the front door, and a moment later one of the village youngsters ran into the kitchen and out again like a flash. Then the band played, "Soon we'll be in London Town," and the crowd surged in front of the weaver's door.

But neither old Geordie nor wee Geordie went to the tavern that night.

HAPPINESS AND CHRISTMAS

By Norman Patterson

WHAT is happiness, this will-o'-the-wisp which all the world is pursuing? Is it the distinguishing quality of one race more than another, of the inhabitants of one region rather than another? Is it something within the man himself, or is it something without the man; is it subjective or objective? Is it a quality which belongs to some class or classes of mankind and not to others? How may the various grades of mankind attain it?

Here is a set of questions worth considering afresh. Some of them are difficult to answer, some are comparatively easy.

No one will assert that happiness is a quality dependent upon race, or upon latitude and longitude. The black

men of Central Africa and the Esquimaux of Greenland may be happy, are happy when their ideals are satisfied. The Anglo-Saxon has as much chance to be happy in Toronto as in New York or London, else there would be only New Yorks or Londons. We may safely say with Pope:

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere.

This point having been disposed of, it is easier to determine whether happiness is objective or subjective. The French proverb answers this question: "Only he is happy who thinks he is;"* and so does Lady Montagu: "'Tis my opinion 'tis necessary to be

* Il n'est d'heureux que qui croie l'être.

happy that we think no place more agreeable than that where we are." Goldsmith put it in another way when he said: "Positive happiness is constitutional." Matthew Arnold may also be quoted; speaking of culture he writes: "Religion says: The Kingdom of God is within you; and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality." If religion and culture and perfection are internal conditions, then happiness is also internal, subjective.

A little thought will enable one to perceive that since happiness is internal, not external, each individual's happiness is entirely within the control of that particular individual. It is quite evident that the Cabinet Minister, though occupying a high and important position, with immense personal power, is no happier because of it. His face is usually pallid, his voice a bit weary, and his tread more nervous than firm. He is a creature of political circumstances, of political unrest. To-day he is great, to-morrow he may be forgotten. He is in constant fear of foes within and without. He cannot drive the machine of State in any one direction unless a dozen other men agree with him; and these men, in turn, can do nothing unless a hundred men behind each make no objection. Many a good man has refused a Cabinet position because he felt it would destroy the happiness he already possessed.

It is also evident that wealth does not bring happiness to nations or individuals. Britain's vast commerce and vaster wealth did not prevent the unhappiness of the Boer war; the wealth of the United States could not prevent the Civil war. The millionaire has his beautiful home, his conservatories, his horses and his automobile, but he is often the unhappiest of men. His millions keep him busy and disturbed. He has a railroad to build, a bank to guide, a half-dozen large companies to advise, and something to bother him every hour of the day. His home sees

little of him. His nights are spent on railway trains and his evenings with schemes and schemers. His business reaches out in many directions and meets opposition at hundreds of points. If he stopped to take his ease his house of cards might come tumbling about his ears. Wealth, like political power, does not bring happiness.

Nor does happiness necessarily come to the owner of a great factory, with its tall chimneys, its long rows of uniform windows, its thousand workmen passing in and out. Competition is keen and profits never sure; hard times come regularly with the cycle of the years; labour-unions are never-ceasing in their demands; his sons turn out badly from lack of fatherly sympathy and guidance; and the whole affair is often a burden.

And so one may go through the list of the great ones of earth, and it will be found that Burns was right when he sang:

If happiness ha'e not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blessed.

If happiness belongs not to one race more than another, and is internal and subjective, does it belong to one class more than another? The labouring man seems to have no more of it than the rich. He is full of complaints and sombre mutterings. The unrest of the individual is seen in the unrest of the multitude, the strikes, the agrarian disturbances, and the social battles of all kinds. The middle-classes are in constant struggle against their position. The merchant desires to see his son rise to professional dignity by becoming a lawyer, a doctor or a priest. The professional men desire to amass wealth, so that their sons may avoid to some extent the ceaseless grind which has been theirs. The suicides come from all classes; the grumblers and dyspeptics are representative of all classes. Happiness does not seem to be the distinguishing badge of any one section of the race.

What then is happiness and how may it be attained? Happiness is a

state of mind. The man who desires it must compel himself to a realization that it is something of his own making, that it comes from within rather than from without. The man who is contented with what he has and what he is (though not necessarily unambitious), is the one who comes nearest to attaining happiness.

It has been said that health, to all animals including man, is happiness. This is less true of man than of other animals. Health is certainly a good foundation for happiness, but it is not a *sine qua non*. Still, he who would be happy should strive to be healthy. No object is more pitiable than the man or the woman who has sold health for fleeting vanities, for riches, for social prominence.

Happiness is not grounded only in physical well-being. It is largely spiritual. The man who is continually striving to accomplish something, to win a laurel crown of some kind, may, in either defeat or victory, be filled with happiness. His defeat of misery and depression is a victory in itself, and goes far toward making his life-struggle ideal. Ruskin has summed up this spiritual side of happiness in a most exhaustive sentence: "Man's only true happiness is to live in Hope of something to be won by him, in Reverence of something to be worshipped by him, and in Love of something to be cherished by him, and cherished—forever." Properly-directed Ambition, deeply-founded Reverence, sublimely unselfish Love—with these qualities happiness naturally follows. These qualities are the parts, happiness is the whole.

There is a vague striving within every person which makes for unrest. This must be kept within proper limitations if a man is to deserve or radiate happiness. The gods of this world may not be renounced altogether, but they must be kept in their place as petty objects—pleasant, but not indis-

pensable. One may not be a whit happier when these gods have received all the worship it is possible to give them.

Happiness spells different states to different persons, for reverence and love are not constant or similar qualities in all persons. The apostles were men in whom reverence unfolded itself spontaneously, and the world has had other apostles than the famous twelve. Reverence is a higher sense which must be cultivated by most persons if they are to enjoy the fruits of it, and the greatest of these fruits is spiritual elevation, which enables one to rise above temporal states without ignoring or lamenting them. Similarly love is an acquired or communicated sense to which cultivation is a necessity. It is a flower which may wither if neglected or if exposed too much to the frosts of materialism. Selfishness may crowd out love, as Browning saw when he asked the question: "How can man love but what he yearns to help?" It is the last, best gift of Heaven, and one essential to the full development of manhood.

Reverence and love are undoubtedly prime requisites to happiness, and there is no season which does more to bring out and to perpetuate these qualities in mankind than the Christmas season. Reverence and love blend together at Christmastide—reverence for the natal day of the greatest of mankind, love for all. The little children who are taught to worship Kris Kringle or Santa Claus are taught reverence. Santa Claus is a spiritual being, a giver of good things, a fountain-head of beneficence. No wonder the children are filled with reverence and love when they enjoy his bounty. And the larger children whose eyes pierce the veil, and see beyond into the holy of holies, they too cannot fail, if not enamoured of materialism and cynicism, to realize that the Christmas season is reverence, love, and happiness.



THE FAVORITE TREE

By Estelle Kerr

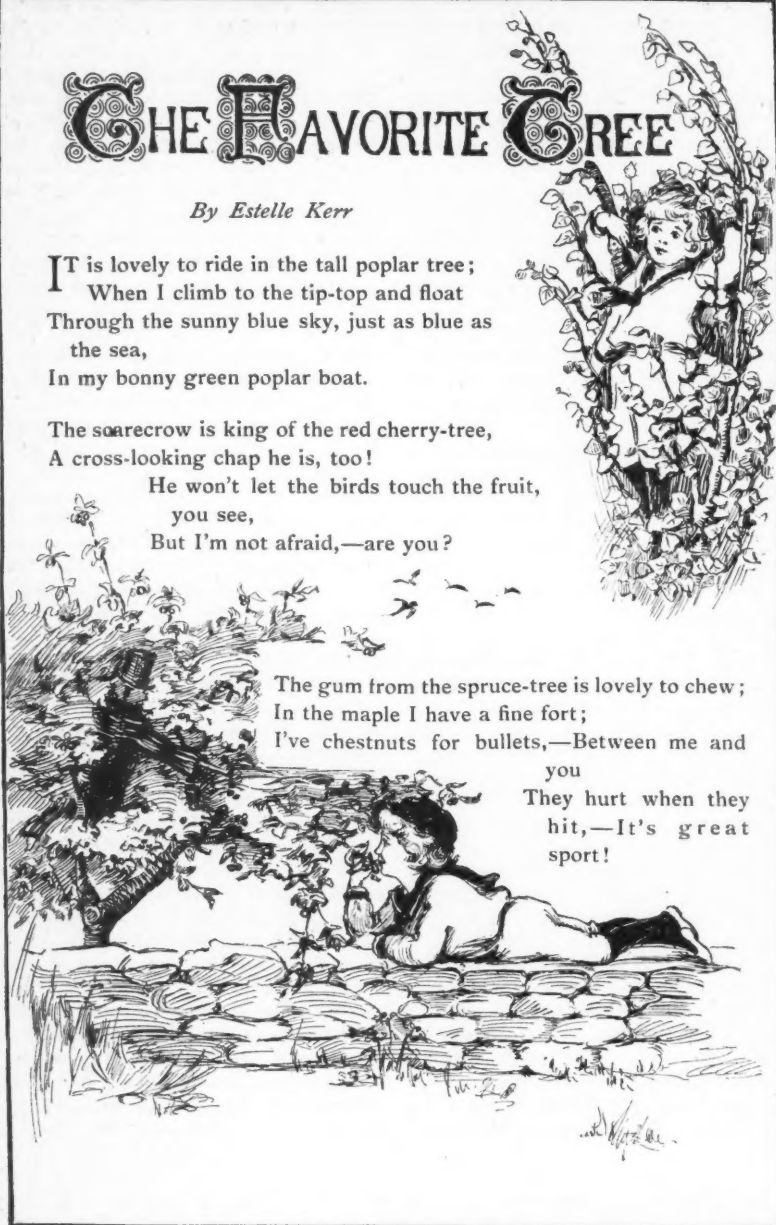
IT is lovely to ride in the tall poplar tree;
When I climb to the tip-top and float
Through the sunny blue sky, just as blue as
the sea,
In my bonny green poplar boat.

The scarecrow is king of the red cherry-tree,
A cross-looking chap he is, too!

He won't let the birds touch the fruit,
you see,
But I'm not afraid,—are you?

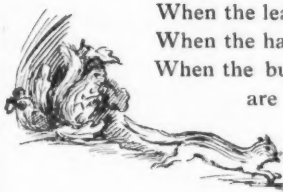
The gum from the spruce-tree is lovely to chew;
In the maple I have a fine fort;
I've chestnuts for bullets,—Between me and
you

They hurt when they
hit,—It's great
sport!





When the apples are sweet, oh I just
eat and eat
Till my buttons are most apt to fly,
And Daddy can't see what the
trouble can be
When I say that I don't care for pie!



When the leaves of the beech-tree are turning to gold,
When the hazel-nuts dropping keep time,
When the butternuts fall and the squirrels
are bold,
Then games in the forest are
prime!

But my favourite tree only comes once a year,
When the others are covered with snow;
It springs up in the night in the drawing-
room bright,
And both apples and nuts on it grow

With toys for each child,—so
I know you'll agree
That the best one of all is
the gay Christmas-tree.



WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By
M. Maclean Helliwell

CHRISTMAS

Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But oh, what maskers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

—Sir Walter Scott

CHRISTMAS—what magic is in the word! But to speak it is the "open, Sesame" that swings back the doors of that small mental chamber wherein glorious visions of sparkling, candle-lighted trees; of plump, sizzling brown turkeys and sputtering geese; fat, holly-decked plum-puddings; great rounds of spiced beef; bulging stockings and joy-crazed children are crowded together—a strange medley bathed



in the rosy light of universal peace and good-will.

Ah, what blessed recollections, what dear old pictures are conjured up by the mere whispering of that simple word! Memory, tender-eyed, looks

back with longing regret to the days that are no more. For there is a zest and a wild, irresponsible delight in the



Christmas of childhood that those who have passed out of "the golden age" will never know again.

It is one magnificent riot of feasting and receiving, and all the interest of the small person is centred in the fascinating possibilities that lurk in the limp, dangling stocking, its wide, yawning emptiness mutely eloquent as to its mission. What Santa Claus will *bring* is the sole concern of the infant mind, and the sunny, cheering radiations of his own delight are all that the diminutive individual is called upon to contribute to the sum of human happiness.

One must not forget, however, that while this attitude is perfectly natural in the helpless, dependent baby, whose one undisputed right is the right to be made happy and to receive unconditionally, it becomes abnormal when maintained through late childhood, adolescence, and maturity. Very sweet indeed it is to receive from those whom one loves and by whom one is beloved, tokens of affection and good-will—if they be spontaneous offerings; but there is a yet deeper joy than the joy

of receiving, the joy that comes to him who gives freely and voluntarily because of the love that overflows his heart. And the right and power to experience this joy is one of our compensations for the lost delights of childhood. There is a vast pleasure in untying the alluring little packages that flutter in like a flock of homing birds all through this blessed Christmas season, but is there not a keener satisfaction in wrapping up, directing, and starting on their various ways similar knobby little parcels? And, in this connection, let us not forget that that child must be very tiny indeed who is too small to be taught the blessedness of giving—of giving, that is, in the real Christmas spirit, for to give as gifts should be bestowed is an art.

On the other hand, however, since our world is a world of extremes, let those of us who do realize that to give is, in truth, more blessed than to receive, beware lest in our zeal we fall into a grave and not uncommon error—an error to be earnestly guarded against lest “one good custom should corrupt the world.”

I refer to the tendency on the part of some generous creatures to give with such ill-considered and promiscuous lavishness that embarrassment and dismay frequently follow in the train of their gifts.

To make out a list of the names of those to whom for various reasons, real or imagined, one feels that one really *must* send something, and then to buy indiscriminately whatever bargain odds and ends one can pick up, apportioning them later to those on the list, is not *giving*. Is it not rather the reluctant doling out of a grudging toll which a fancied obligation peremptorily calls upon one to deliver? Yet so universal is this lamentable method of contributing Christmas cheer, that the remark of a harassed shopper, that before she even looks at things for the people she loves she must buy a certain number of “duty-gifts,” excites neither surprise nor indignation. Would it not

be well for us to go over our Christmas list carefully, asking ourselves several simple questions with regard to each name there?

In the first place, let it not be forgotten that the mere desire to give a present does not bestow upon one the right to do so. Everyone will readily acknowledge that a man is not privileged to present expensive gifts to a lady with whom he is merely on friendly terms, even though his inclination should urge him to lay the wealth of the Indies at her feet; but it does not appear to be so generally realized that the right of one woman to give to another can, in like manner, come only from a very close and affectionate intimacy—except in some exceptional cases when one really feels a keen desire to show a substantial appreciation of some special kindness or courtesy. The gift which is offered in defiance of this right, arouses in the breast of the recipient only a sense of undesired obligation and often of indignant resentment. Let the list be shorn also of all “duty-names,” for unless the heart goes with the offering it is barren and worthless, and can bring no blessing to recipient or donor.

Having thus compiled our list with loving discrimination, let us again go over it that we may choose for each one a gift that we feel will be most appropriate and welcome. Let the pretty, dainty things go to those who love them, but who must sometimes do without them, and if some of our gifts must be plain and simple let such go to those who have much rather than to those who have little. Too often useful things are deemed most suitable for her whose unsatisfied soul hungers for the beautiful little picture, the small bit of jewellery, or the dainty little volume that is sent, as a matter of course, to the girl who, because of her abundance, receives the superfluous trifle with unappreciative indifference.

Since the feast of Christmas is, above all, the festival of children, could the Birthday of the little Christ-Child

be more fittingly celebrated than in the universal joy of the children of the world? Could we more truly show our realization of the meaning of the Day than by bringing Christmas cheer to those little ones to whom loving guardians and material comforts have been denied for some cause of which they are ignorant and innocent?

To attempt to reach all the children who are "weeping ere the sorrow comes with years," would, of course, be fruitless, but if each one of us would do what she could in her own small world much would be accomplished, for, alas! no one need go far to find helpless little ones suffering mutely, uncomprehendingly, because those who went before them transgressed the Law—that hard, irrevocable Law wherein it is decreed that for every sin full measure of suffering shall be demanded even unto the fourth generation.

In hospitals, in homes for ill-treated, forsaken or incurable children, in institutes for those from whom the precious gifts of speech, hearing or sight have been withheld, and in the crowded tenements and tumbledown

huts where the yet more unfortunate little waifs are huddled, we can find them in every city, town or village.

The Germans tell many beautiful stories of how the Christ-Child comes at Christmastide as a friendless, destitute wanderer who knocks at the door of some lowly cottager seeking food and raiment, and how, when the peasant has given freely of his scanty store, suddenly a great light fills the tiny house, the signs of pain and misery vanish, and lo, the little mendicant stands revealed before His enraptured host, the radiant Christ-Child.

Not in Germany alone, but throughout the world, who gives but a cup of cold water to one of the least of His little ones has given unto Him.



"Suffering mutely"

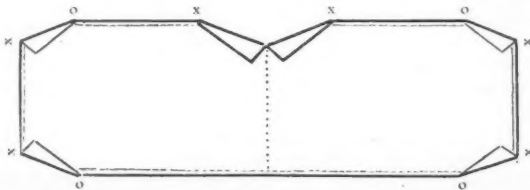
GIFT SUGGESTIONS

THE perfection of giving is attained by him who gives himself with his gift, and where it is possible it is certainly eminently desirable that the personality of the giver should shine through the gift.

The nimble-fingered woman with time at her disposal can easily make many charming and dainty articles with which to manifest her regard for her friends.

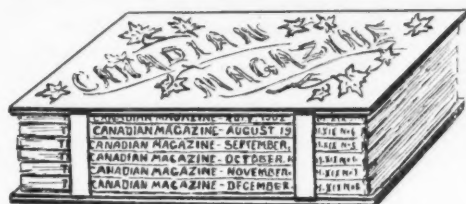
Fancy stocks and fetching little hand-made handkerchiefs are always received with delight by the Daughters of Eve, and for the further help of undecided gift-makers, the following illustrations have been prepared for *Woman's Sphere*:—

Number 1 shows a dressing-jacket, or what our grandmothers called a "Nightingale." The one illustrated was made from a piece of pale blue eider flannel, one and a half yards in length. A hem half an inch deep is



NO. 1—A NIGHTINGALE, WITH DETAIL

turned on the right side all the way round. Exactly in the middle of the length of material a slit about six inches deep is cut, and the edges are turned



NO. 2—MAGAZINE CASE

over as shown in the diagram. This forms the neck.

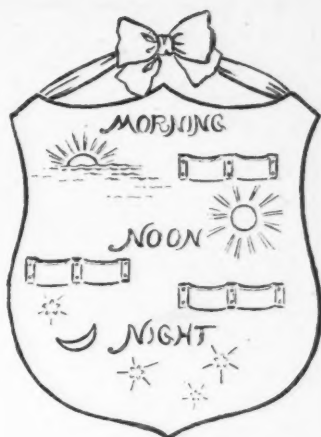
The four corners are also turned over and joined with ribbon bows at mark X, or if preferred they may be joined instead where marked O. The dotted line in the diagram is the middle of the back. Feather stitching in



NO. 3—MAGAZINE CASE

silk to match the ribbon is then worked on the hem and turned over portions at neck and on sleeves.

A useful magazine case is pictured in Number 2, designed to be made of heavy cardboard covered with linen, silk, or leather. Straps may be made of ribbon arranged to tie in bows at one side, or of wide elastic, gilded, as shown here.



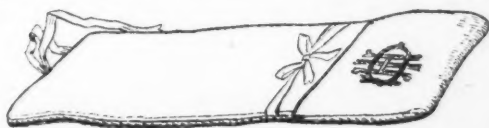
NO. 4—PIPE CASE

Another variety of magazine case, intended as an accessory to a cosy corner or library den, is shown in Number 3, and is to be made of leather, denim or canvas. It should be fastened to the wall with brass-headed tacks.

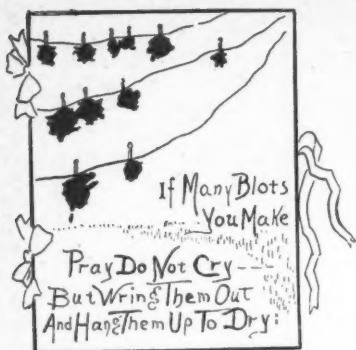
The attractive pipe-case shown in Number 4 needs no directions for making. Brown denim with the design worked in gold and the straps for the pipes fastened with gold-headed tacks, would be an attractive and appropriate combination.

Number 5 will be appreciated by the girl who travels. It is a case for stick-pins and jewellery. As shown here it was made of velvet, lined with eider flannel and decorated with a monogram. It is intended to be rolled up and secured with ribbon ties.

The blotter shown in Number 6 is attractive and original, and can easily be made by a child. A pretty effect would be obtained by tinting the upper space blue, and the grass pale



NO. 5—STICK-PIN CASE



NO. 6—BLOTTER

green, leaving the intervening space white.

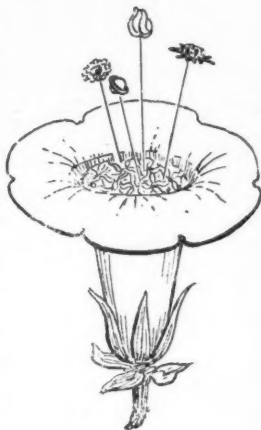
Number 7 pictures a welcome addition to the work-table. The spool-rack is made of inch board cut in diamond shape and covered with scarlet silk. Three-inch wire nails are hammered through from the back and gilded. The pin-cushion is also of scarlet silk, covering a cardboard heart. The



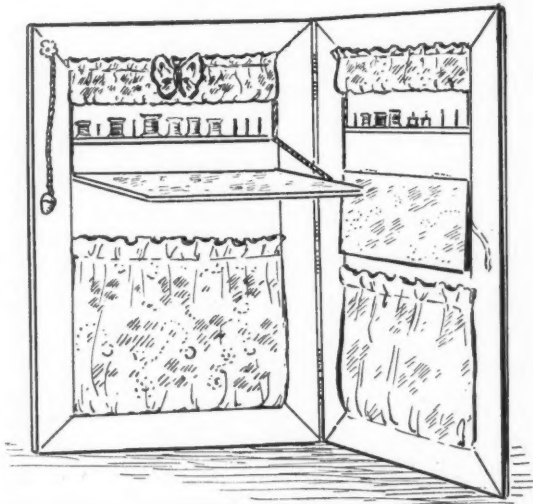
NO. 7—SPOOL-RACK

needle-book is a black silk ace of clubs, and the black silk emery-bag furnishes the ace of spades.

Number 8 hangs upon the side of the mirror, and is a convenient receptacle for hat-pins. The lower part is made from stiff canvas, the petals of velvet stiffened with canvas, and the markings done in out-line stitch or in tinsel over-sewn. The cushion is of frayed rope covered with net or a crocheted top of knot-stitch in silk. It should be secured to the body of the flower before the latter is covered. The stem is wound with green silk



NO. 8—HANGING CUSHION

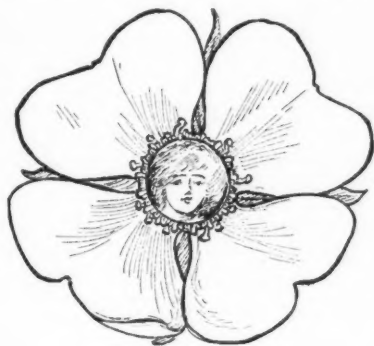


NO. 9—SEWING SCREEN

ribbon of which the leaflets are also made. The cushion is hung by a ring fastened at the back.

The sewing-screen shown in Number 9 is covered with sail-cloth, and has double hinges, so that it may be turned either way. Pockets, shelf, and needle book are of liberty silk or of cretonne. The back of the screen is decorated with painting or embroidery. In the illustration a fancy butterfly pin-cushion and an emery-bag are fastened to the left.

Number 10 gives a pretty idea for a frame for a medallion photograph. The petals of the wild rose are cut from white canvas and covered with pale green silk or liberty satin. The cir-



NO. 10—PHOTO FRAME

cular opening is finished with embroidery in yellow silk. The back is of green silk.

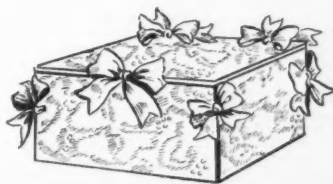
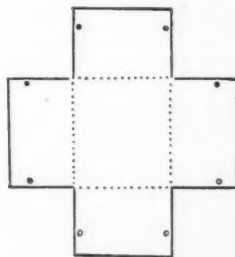
The match-striker shown in Number 11 is simple and "striking." Cut the cat out of sandpaper and mount on Bristol board, filling in his whiskers and other necessary lines with Indian ink or sepia. The cushion may be made of silk or coloured paper, or simply tinted with water colours.

With a little time and patience a very youthful Santa Claus can easily evolve a thing of beauty and utility if the following directions for making the article shown in Number 13 are carefully followed. Take a firm cardboard box and cut down the corners so that it will lie perfectly flat as in dia-



NO. 11—MATCH STRIKER

gram. Then paste fancy silver or gilt paper—pretty wall-paper patterns answer admirably—on the outside of the box, turning in neatly at the edges. The inside may be lined with pale-tinted paper to match, also pasted and joined neatly at the edges. Punch holes as indicated in diagram, and tie together with ribbon. The lid must be covered and lined in the same way, and tied at the back with two bows for hinges. Ribbons may also be used to tie it shut at the front. Of course,



NO. 13—FANCY BOX

the cover may be as elaborate as one wishes, of flowered silk, art cretonne, or embroidered linen, in which case the edges should be neatly top-sewn. A very small box would serve as a receptacle for stamps, collar-buttons, hair-pins or rings, larger for handkerchiefs, gloves, veils, etc.



NO. 14—CATCH-ALL

Number 14 pictures a Catch-All, constructed out of three Coronation fans. The inside bag is of red silk and new small King Edward silver coins, or bright 1902 King Edward coppers may be used to decorate the corners instead of balls or tassels. If the fans are joined firmly and at the proper angle the catch-all will stand, or it may be hung against the wall by a small ring fastened at the top of one of the fans.

A piece of rough water-colour paper eight inches wide by eighteen inches long is used to make the letter-case shown in Number 15.

Across each end is painted a row of pansies, violets, or wild roses, and the edges of the petals cut out. The paper is then folded directly in the middle, and the ends turned up so that the flowers show, and tied with ribbons to form pockets, whose use is demon-

strated by the word *Answered* painted in fancy letters above the one, and the word *Unanswered* above the other.

A NEW GUILD

AN English organization which is rapidly gaining in popularity and is said to be exerting a most excellent influence, is known as *The Girls' Letter Guild*. The Bishop of Coventry is its President, and the idea of the organization is to bring illiterate and untrained girls of the working classes into touch with women of culture and refinement through correspondence. Each gentlewoman who joins the Guild agrees to pay one shilling a year and to write every month a long, friendly letter to any one of the girls who may be allotted to her. She is to take an interest in the girl's welfare, her work and amusements, her hopes and ambitions. She must, if possible, win the girl's liking and confidence, and do all that she can to advise her, to correct false ideas, vulgarity and impropriety, and to inspire wholesome ideas and ambitions.



NO. 15—LETTER CASE

This is a work which is decidedly Ruskinian in its conception and ideal in its intention, and if the girls are in earnest and the gentlewomen with whom they are put in touch possess a sincere and steadfast purpose and an attractive and magnetic personality, the Guild may be productive of much good by uplifting and refining a class that stands in great need of such help.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

IN reviewing the world events of the year one fact stands out so prominently that it dwarfs all others in its neighbourhood. People with a large bump of reverence for the frippery of monarchy may rush to the conclusion that the event referred to is the coronation, but it may be said at once that the reference is to what they may consider a very humble episode of that shining function, namely the Colonial Conference, and I hope the reader will pardon me if I devote a little space to showing its real meaning and importance as a world event. There is the more necessity to do this because of a disposition to treat the Conference as if it had been largely a failure. It may have accomplished little that can be set down, numbered and docketed, but it has directed attention to some of the most momentous considerations.

38

Unless some unlooked-for changes occur there will, thirty years from now, be but three Powers of the first rank in the world. These will be the British Empire, the United States and Russia. Germany and France will remain great European nations, but their capacity for expansion is limited and they have provided for themselves no outlet in the shape of white colonization. They have colonies, but they are not white men's countries. Russia possesses an immense territory, largely undeveloped, stretching across the face of the world, covering all the latitudes from the arctic to the temperate zone. She has a fecund, vigorous people, with a semi-barbaric civilization, and fresh, primal, barbaric strength. She is a colossus now. Thirty years from now she will be of still more portentous

bulk. The United States are by no means at their climax. Their numerical and industrial growth, while not proportionately equal to that of the last thirty years, will nevertheless be notable and continue to furnish matter for wonder to contemporary times.

38

Had the United Kingdom adopted the view which was commended to her very generally thirty years ago she would already be out of the class of great Powers. She would scarcely rank with France or Germany. Her own territory, always at the point of saturation, would be constantly throwing off swarms of her eager and virile sons, building up new and, possibly, hostile nations in remote regions of the earth. As it is, they have not only contributed of their numbers to the youngest of the three great Powers mentioned, but have, moreover, conferred the inestimable gift of their civil institutions and their genius for wide freedom conjoined with a well-ordered society. We may sometimes regret that a greater proportion of this migrating host has not found its home within colonial borders, but it is useless objecting to the laws of gravitation. They will operate in spite of our protest. The hopeful thing is that the powers of attraction are becoming more apparent in the Colonies year by year. It is a quality that grows with its growth.

38

When one says this he is apt to have the Canadian census thrown in his face. If there were no other means of stock-taking than this we Canadians, who like to vaunt ourselves a bit, would have to be silent—and burst. But



OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

MISS CANADA (to her Guardian, SIR WILFRID LAURIER on his return from visiting England and France)—"So you've seen my two Grandmothers; how do you like them?"

SIR WILFRID—"Well, my dear, they are *both* so charming, that I'm surprised they don't know one another better!"—*Punch*.

there are other means of measuring our inches and they are more up-to-date than a census taken in April, 1901. We have the figures of our foreign trade, showing month compared with month, and year compared with year, a bounding commerce that has already taken us out of the ruck of the little Powers of the world. I shall not afflict the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE with rows of figures, but take this little row. From 1868, the first complete fiscal year of Confederation, to 1895, the increase in our total foreign trade was 71 per cent. In these twenty-seven long years we had not managed to double our trade. It

was weary work, and no wonder, though the Fathers were dubious and cautious. I remember hearing Sir John Macdonald tell a deputation who desired the expenditure of a few hundred thousand dollars on a public work, that the Dominion would have to be very careful as to its expenditures, as the impairment of its credit in the London market stared it in the face. And then he turned to the newspaper men and asked them not to report his words for fear they would have the same effect. Would any rational expenditure of a few hundred thousand dollars impair our credit to-day? Between 1895 and 1902, seven years as against twenty-eight, our foreign trade has grown 80 per cent., and even at its present rate of growth will have doubled in two years more.

22

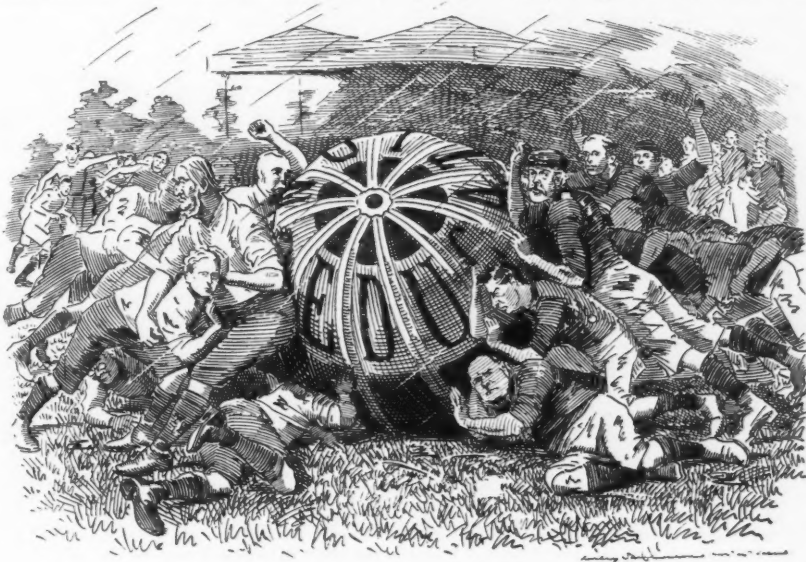
In all likelihood it will have more than doubled, for we can scarcely exaggerate the effect which the present influx of producers in the West will have both on our exports and our imports. When we undertook the building of a transcontinental railway twenty odd years ago hard-headed men thought we were jumping into the abyss. Now we are talking boldly of several transcontinental railways. In short, we are showing all the signs of at last having passed the whooping-

cough stage, and the measles stage, and the puling stage, and have emerged into our young manhood, where we look out on the world with considerable impudence and self-confidence. When I look at the figures between 1868 and 1895, I am reminded of the story told me some years ago by one of Toronto's wealthiest men. He was a mechanic, and it took him many years to get a thousand dollars together. If his progress had remained at the same rate it would have taken him 50,000 years to have acquired his present possessions. But that is not the way things which have the possibilities of real growth in them grow, and it is not the way nations with the right stuff in them grow. There is a stubborn climb up-hill to a certain point, and then the plain spreads wide and level to the horizon and arithmetical progression becomes the rule.

98

If it were announced to-morrow that the United States had entered into a

hearty offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain there would be a general feeling that therein was the strongest combination of national forces which the world had ever seen. And all that I have said above leads to this statement: That in a comparatively few years there will stand by the side of the mother country a congeries of young lands populous, resourceful, confident, ever-growing, and ever green, and, I firmly believe, more attached to the fortunes of the Greater Britain and prouder of the glorious system and traditions of which they are a part than they are to-day. Children are going to school to-day who will see the Colonies more populous and more wealthy than the motherland, and even then only half-way on to their goal. Some find it difficult to believe that great and growing lands such as this will continue in a position implying inferiority. But there will be no implication of inferiority. There will be a constantly increasing feeling of parity in everything. Matters will ad-



THE PARLIAMENTARY "PUSH-BILL"—*Punch*

There is a new game in Great Britain and the United States known as push-ball. The ball is about eight feet in diameter and weighs about 60 pounds. The *Punch* artist takes the game to represent the situation of the Education Bill in the British Parliament.



THE LEGISLATIVE PROBLEMS OF THE UNITED STATES

COLUMBIA—"Now you must solve those problems nicely or I won't give you any reward. You have plenty of time and no excuse."—*Chicago Herald.*

just themselves. The material ties may grow looser instead of firmer, but those immaterial and ethereal ones will wax stronger with the years. The filial and prosperous son does not need a statute to compel him to surround his grey-haired mother with comforts or to yield her reverent respect. The great joy of tending and protecting her lies in its uncompelled spontaneity, and that person would be doing a violence to the hallowed connection if he provided police regulations for coercing the son in case he should tire of the task. Let us have as few police regulations in the relations of the Empire as possible. Far better to let the son prove unnatural than try to bind him with the bonds of "must."

38

If these prognostications are right the taking of Quebec will be a far greater historic headland than Waterloo,

and the Boer war, regrettable as it was in some aspects, and the Colonial Conference, failure though some good people think it to be, will be regarded as links in the same great chain of events. We are not dealing with an ideal world, where the dear little lamb is as safe in his rights as the grim wolf. We are living in a world where stray lambs will become consolidated into the wolf, and those of us who believe that there are features about British civilization that are worthy of preservation are glad to see a vision of a great, strong, just Empire afraid of nothing and making no one else afraid.

39

Our neighbours on the other side of the line have just con-

cluded one of their numerous national struggles at the polls. It is significant that the Democrats did not make attacks upon the foreign, or expansionist, policy a prominent feature in their campaign. Indeed, the only branch of it dwelt upon to any extent was a denunciation of the shabby treatment dealt out to Cuba by the Republican party. The Cubans seem inclined to repudiate the fiscal concession of twenty per cent., which was all that the protectionist majority in Congress could be induced to offer the Islanders. President Palmas has stated that he is disinclined to make any reciprocal recognition of this twenty per cent. concession. Twenty per cent. on the face of it may seem to be a large reduction, but it really makes very little difference what diminution a country makes on its rates of duty, so long as they are still high enough to prevent the competing country from bringing in its goods profitably.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

GENERAL BOOTH is growing white and old wearing his self-chosen title and doing his self-chosen work. He is

again visiting his Canadian and United States armies to cheer them in their ceaseless campaigns.

Four years ago he made a similar visit. Since then he claims to have covered 100,000 miles, and given 1,500 addresses, besides guiding the destinies of armies in nearly every country in the world. He is truly a wonderful man.

And the Salvation Army is doing a magnificent work everywhere, reclaiming the criminal, raising the fallen, succouring the ignorant, preaching the simple Gospel to simple people. Society owes much to the scientific aid of this army of working monks and nuns.

Some of the prominent Anglican churchmen in Canada have been anxious to establish voluntary

schools where religion might be taught as in the case of Roman Catholic separate schools in Ontario.

Apparently their model was the voluntary school of England, whence come nearly all Anglican ideas and ideals. The voluntary school there dates back, for its present status, to 1870, and it has therefore been thirty years on trial. Schools have been built by the church at an expense of about \$75,000,000, and a brave fight has been made to keep them going and prevent their being made "public," as are our common schools in Canada.

The Education Bill, now stirring England to the depths, indicates

that the "voluntary" schools are destined to pass away. The church practically admits that the voluntary system is bankrupt,* that it cannot be maintained on voluntary contributions, and that it should be maintained out of the rates as are our public schools in Canada. Both Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain, the former an opponent of the new Bill, the latter a supporter, admit that there is "impecuniosity and want of funds"† in many districts.

The Liberals and Nonconformists of England are fighting for free and



GEN. WILLIAM BOOTH

Father of the Salvation Army. Recently in Canada investigating Salvation Army work

* Sir William Harcourt, address of October 8th. † Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, address of October 9th.

compulsory education, severed from denominational control. Some Anglican churchmen of Canada are trying to destroy free and compulsory education in Canada by putting it under denominational control. Even the Conservatives and the moderate Church party in England see that denominational control is an anomaly. In Canada some churchmen look forward to it as a great reform.

As a matter of fact, the Anglican church is not in earnest when it calls our public schools irreligious. Under our present system any clergyman may arrange to give occasional religious instruction in the schools, but whoever heard of the Anglican or any other church systematically or even occasionally taking advantage of this privilege? The whole movement is devised and supported by faddists who are anxious for cheap notoriety, and is not opposed

by moderate and respectable churchmen for fear they should be accused of being lukewarm in the interests of the church. It is regrettable that Professor Goldwin Smith should have been induced to give a moderate approval of voluntary schools, because from him we have learned to watch for sound liberal principles, broadly enunciated.

One of Canada's most priceless possessions is her free, compulsory and undenominational school system, and this jewel in our constitutional crown must be guarded with the utmost care and vigilance.

It is inevitable that there should be continual changes in the Dominion Cabinet. These come almost every year, even though the same party may continue to control a majority in the House of Commons.

CABINET CHANGES.

Under Sir John Macdonald's Administration from 1867 to 1873, for example, there were four Ministers of Finance: Sir A. T. Galt, Sir John Rose, Sir Francis Hincks, Sir S. L. Tilley. Under Hon. Alexander Mackenzie's rule from 1873 to 1878, there were five Ministers of Inland Revenue: Hons. Fournier, Geoffrion, Laflamme, Cauchon and Laurier. Under Sir John Macdonald's regime from 1878 to 1891, there were seven different men holding the portfolio of Postmaster-General.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was sworn in as First Minister of Canada on the 11th of July, 1896, and all the members of his Cabinet, with one exception, two days later. Hon. Mr. Paterson and Hon. Sir Henri Joly were added to the Cabinet in June, 1897. Since then there have been many changes.



HON. J. ISRAEL TARTE, EX-MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS

The first was the retirement of Sir Oliver Mowat from the position of Minister of Justice, his successor being the Hon. David Mills. This occurred in November, 1897. No further change occurred until September, 1899, when Mr. James Sutherland became Minister without portfolio, upon the decease of Hon. Mr. Geoffrion. In June, 1900, Sir Henri Joly was succeeded as Minister of Inland Revenue by Mr. Michael C. Bernier. In January, 1902, the Hon. Mr. Sutherland became Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in succession to Sir Louis Davies. In the following month Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick became Minister of Justice in succession to Hon. David Mills. In the same month Mr. William Templeman became a member of the Cabinet without portfolio, upon the death of the Hon. R. R. Dobell. Upon the retirement of the Hon. J. Israel Tarte last month, Mr. Raymond Prefontaine entered the Cabinet.

The following are therefore the new members of the Government formed in 1896:

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick.
 Hon. James Sutherland.
 Hon. Michael C. Bernier.
 Hon. William Templeman.
 Hon. Raymond Prefontaine.

These gentlemen occupy the places of the following:

Sir Oliver Mowat, G.C.M.G.
 Sir Louis Henry Davies, K.C.M.G.
 Hon. David Mills.
 Hon. Richard Ried Dobell (deceased).
 Hon. C. A. Geoffrion (deceased).
 Sir Henri Joli de Lotbinière.
 Hon. J. Israel Tarte.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier began his work as First Minister with a strong Cabinet, and it was hardly to be expected that fate would leave it unimpaired during



HON. JAMES SUTHERLAND, WHO SUCCEEDS HON. MR. TARTE AS MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS

six years. Some of these strong men are not now at the council-board, but we may hope that the newer members will prove as worthy as their predecessors.

The Hon. Mr. Tarte laughingly stated, since his retirement, that every Cabinet Minister should know the Constitution by heart. There is no doubt that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's famous letter to Mr. Tarte, accepting his resignation, will remain upon our records and rank with decisions of the Supreme Court or Privy Council. All future writers on this constitutional point will quote, among his authorities for saying that a Cabinet speaks and acts as a whole, Sir Wilfrid's letter. In fact, the very tone of the document showed that Sir Wilfrid recognized its historical and legal value, and stated his ruling and his deductions with exceptional dignity.



BOOK REVIEWS

THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD

THE admirers of Mr. Barrie have a treat in store for them if they have not yet read his new book.* His novels, delightful as they are, have sometimes roused the critics to say that in plot and construction he is not at his very best, and that elaborated sentimentalism in time loses its hold upon that extremely practical person the novel-reader. But Mr. Barrie's fund of delicate and kindly humour is both inexhaustible and charming, and he has elected in the present work to exercise this talent to the full. The result leaves no room for hostile criticism. To describe in definite terms the *motif* of the book is not easy, seeing that it consists of a series of pleasant ramblings with children,



J. M. BARRIE

* The Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

illustrating their tastes and oddities from the standpoint of a sympathetic "grown-up," and exploring the curious interests and amusements of childhood in a half-realistic, half-mystical fashion. The delights of parenthood to the reflective and loving observer are all brought out. The children, including David—who was once kept at home in flannels because he had sneezed the night before—Porthos, a dog which waddled up the stairs at the club exactly like some members of it—and Paterson, a lover of youth with whimsical ways, all flit across the pages illumined by a wit that never grows wearisome and a sentiment that is distinctly not mawkish. Mr. Barrie, as we know by "The Little Minister" and "When a Man's Single," is capable of writing a very taking novel of modern ways, but it is more than doubtful if any of his previous books quite brings out with the same clearness and insight his power of delineating the purest phases of human temperament, and the healthy instincts that belong to a well-balanced mind. Perhaps the droll humour wins the favour of the reader with more certainty than the dainty touches of philosophy and the evidences of refinement that are scattered through the book, but, at all events, it is a fine piece of literary work which any writer should be glad to have produced.



THREE BIOGRAPHIES

There are certain difficulties connected with writing the biography of a living man. The advantages of having one—when the man fills a large



ILLUSTRATION FROM "A MAID OF MANY MOODS,"
MRS. SHEARD'S TALE OF SHAKESPEARE'S
FRIENDS AND ACTORS

place in the public eye—outweighs all the disadvantages. Mr. Halsted's work* on President Roosevelt comes under this category. It is chiefly of interest to students of politics, since it rapidly summarizes Mr. Roosevelt's early career, and even devotes small attention to his war services. His high political offices since, however, and the way he has filled them come in for full attention, and the reader gets a view of current political history brought right down to date.

On the other hand, it is understood that Mr. Willison's *Life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier*, deals with the early days of the Premier and the events which shaped his career more exhaustively than it does with the history of the last few years. Mr. Willison is known to have been a close personal friend of the Premier for a long time, and he has the insight of a journalist as

well as the authority of a trained student of public affairs to help him. The book should be very interesting if, as is said, it goes frankly into the contest waged in Quebec between the Liberal or *Rouge* leaders and the ecclesiastical powers. It is probable that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's creditable, if short, career in the Quebec Legislature is not much known to his English fellow-countrymen, while his connection with the Mackenzie Government and his rise in the party counsels until Mr. Blake's retirement marked him out for the leadership, are facts but dimly remembered. Mr. Willison's book goes into all this and will take its place among the most important Canadian works dealing with political history.

A new *Life of Lord Salisbury* is coming out. The interest in the illustrious statesman has evidently not ceased since his retirement. The writer is F. D. How. Until the secret history of the last thirty years, embodied



ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION FROM "A MAID OF
MANY MOODS"

KINDNESS COPP, CLARK CO.

* *Life of Theodore Roosevelt*. By Murat Halsted. Chicago: Saalfeld Co.



CHARLES D. ROBERTS

in private letters, diaries and state papers can be revealed, the public career of Lord Salisbury will not be fully understood. His personal and family life, which is guarded from the crowd with the wise seclusion that pervades the best English society, could be dealt with only by someone who knows him well. There was in a recent issue of the *New Liberal Review* an article upon Lord Salisbury which showed a good deal of knowledge of his domestic life. The last issue of the *Quarterly Review* examines his foreign policy in a eulogistic strain, but there is not much of permanent value about it, as the writer seems to be somewhat in the dark on certain phases.

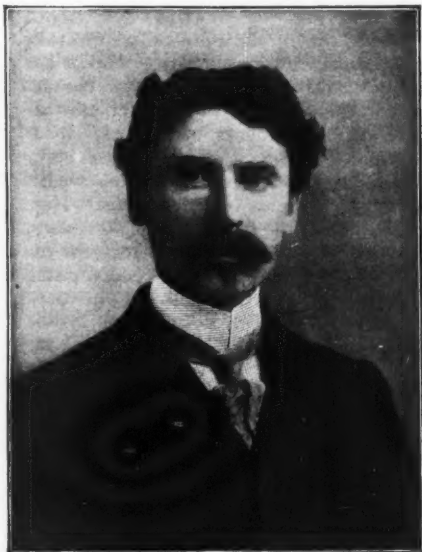


NEW NOVELS

When Charles G. D. Roberts had fully decided that writing poetry was unprofitable, though pleasant and honourable, he commenced giving the world prose-poems. His first stories were crude, as one may dis-

cover for himself by examining those collected under the title "Around the Camp-Fire," published six years ago, or either of the other two prose volumes published at that time. Yet the promise in them was fully redeemed by "The Forge in the Forest," issued in the following year, and in everything issued since. His work now bears the ear-marks of a master of style, full of the confidence which is born only of much experience. He paints his pictures with vivid detail, too much detail, perhaps, and too few master-strokes. Yet they are perfect pictures, slowly, carefully, artistically produced.

"Barbara Ladd"* is a prose-poem of the pre-revolutionary period in the State of Connecticut. It is a literary gem with the adequate sentimentality of Barrie's "Little White Bird," yet possessing more of the story-interest. It is pure literature,



ERNEST SETON (THOMPSON)

* "Barbara Ladd," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

and as such will probably not be popular in the ordinary sense of that term.

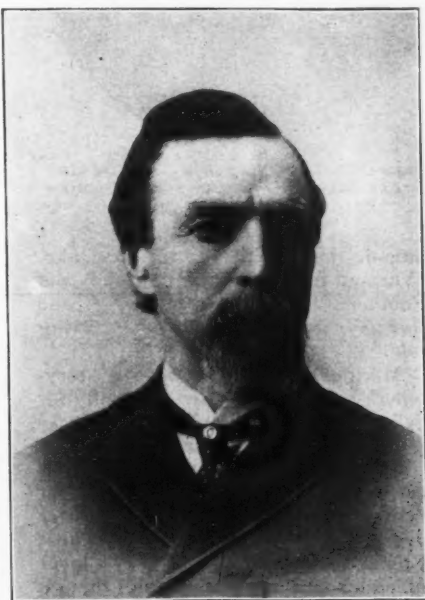
There is much curiosity to know the real author of "The Confessions of a Wife," who signs herself Mary Adams. The book was certainly written by a woman, as its revelations of a woman's passions, fears and ideals could hardly be so perfectly depicted by a mere man. Marna, the heroine, is a highly-strung, sensitive creature, who quickly discerns the beginnings of estrangement between herself and her husband. He goes away, and in the separation she discovers the depth of her affection for him, and on his return—after the mystery of their parting is fully accounted for, and a painful explanation it is—the two live happy ever after.

"Those Black Diamond Men,"* a collection of tales about the miners of Pennsylvania, has been popular during the past few weeks. It is a vivid picture of a district "where liberty is threatened by anarchy, where learning is throttled by ignorance," and where opulence and poverty are jowl by jowl. It is an attempt to deal with the great problem of monopoly and labour, which is pressing for solution, and to make suggestions by painting pictures of life as it is there with some of the experiments which are helping towards improvement.

Stories of the North-West† must often have the Indian among the leading characters. One writer has recently given us a tale which is purely of Indian life and character, and which vividly describes the country of the Assiniboines and Chipewas. Indian views of national life are presented in an unusual manner, so that the reader may pierce farther into the recesses of the Indian mind. The bird and animal life of that district as it was about 1867 is well described, and over all this back-

ground are the "Two Wilderness Voyagers," two Sioux children, carried into captivity, and experiencing adventures which are most interesting.

There is no doubt that S. R. Crockett is a great story-teller. He seems to grasp the dramatic points in the history of those who lived centuries ago with as much ease as he dissects the lives of those with whom is contemporaneous. He analyzes character,



HON. JAMES YOUNG, AUTHOR OF "PUBLIC LIFE IN CANADA: BEING RECOLLECTIONS OF PARLIAMENT AND PRESS"

especially Scotch character, with a sure touch, and paints in vivid colours all the characters he outlines on his canvas. "Flower o' the Corn,"* his 22nd novel, is a tale of the days of the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns in the Lowlands. Flower o' the Corn is a Scotch lass, whose father is chaplain to a Scotch regiment, and her life is bound up in a most tragic manner with the fate of one Captain Maurice Raith,

* Flower o' the Corn, by S. R. Crockett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

* Those Black Diamond Men, by William F. Gibbons. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

† Two Wilderness Voyagers, by Franklin Welles Calkins. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.



ALMA FRANCES MCCOLLUM, A PROMISING
CANADIAN POET WHOSE FIRST VOLUME
"FLOWER LEGENDS" IS JUST OUT

aide-de-camp to His Grace the Duke. War and intrigue in the Lowlands and Southern France form the woof, and this love-story the web, of a stirring tale.

Marion Crawford is also a storyteller; he combines Barrie's faculty for delineating temperament with Crockett's power of describing stirring actions. He is less dainty, less fantastical, less sentimental than Barrie; but he has all these qualities in a greater degree than Crockett. His latest Roman heroine, "Cecilia,"* is a lover of philosophy and metaphysics though only eighteen years of age. She is a sphinx with a riddle of her own. Few women speak thus:—

"Where have we heard the voices that come back to us, not in sleeping dreams only, but when we are waking, too, voices that come back softly, like evening bells across the sea, with the touch of hands that lay in ours long ago, and faces that we know better than our own! Where was it all before the memory of it all was here?"

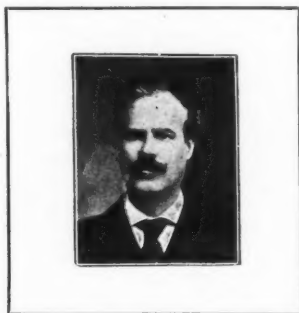
Apparently she is a creature full of "transmitted recollections," a girl living again the life lived by one of her departed ancestors—if such a thing be possible. While in this state, she

* Cecilia, by F. Marion Crawford. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

meets a man who is in a similar condition, and whose ancestor was the friend or lover of her ancestor. The situation is full of wonderful possibilities, and Marion Crawford handles it with masterly skill. As a story of modern Rome, "Cecilia" gives many vivid pictures of Italian life; as a novel it is more than that, for it contains much of universal interest.

The critics laugh, but the historical novel proceeds apace. William Stearns Davis has gone back to Babylon and Belshazzar* for material for an exciting tale. It is strong, vivid, forceful—a story to stir the blood. The refined barbarism of the time makes a moving picture which no modern cinematograph may equal. Belshazzar, arrogant, indomitable; Daniel, grave, gray, steadfast; Ruth, his daughter, timid and beautiful; Atossa, daughter of Cyrus of Persia and Queen of Babylon, proud, patient, dishonoured—these be characters worthy of some study.

As a Christmas book for a girl in her teens, "Janet Ward,"† by Margaret E. Sangster, is eminently suitable. Mrs. Sangster seems to know the problems of girl-life better than any other North American writer. Her ideals are high and the actions which she describes are always touched with nobility. The



J. W. BENGOUGH, WHO HAS A NEW VOLUME
OF POEMS READY

* Belshazzar: a Tale of The Fall of Babylon. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Janet Ward: A College Girl's Story, by Margaret E. Sangster. Second Edition. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

book is not new, as it was one of Mrs. Sangster's first novels, but it is, nevertheless, worthy of further commendation.

NOTES

The Life of Principal Grant is to be written by Frederick Hamilton and W. L. Grant. The former is a journalist who represented the Toronto *Globe* in South Africa during the war, and the latter is Principal Grant's only son, a graduate of Oxford, and a teacher in St. Andrew's College, Toronto.

Books for children are hard to write and just as hard to make. The Saalfield Publishing Co., of Akron, Ohio, yearly produce some of merit. "Roy and Rosyrocks" is a Christmas story with several illustrations; "Animal Life in Rhymes and Jingles" is well printed and does not betray the crudeness and cheapness of many such volumes; "Billy Whiskers," the biography of a goat, is uproarious in text and illustrations, but less artistic than the others. The Fleming H. Revell Co. issue: "Topsy-Turvy Land," "Rollicking Rhymes," and "The Gift of the Magic Staff."

For intrinsic worth the "Boy's Own Annual" and the "Girl's Own Annual" have perhaps no equal. These handsome volumes—containing the twelve monthly numbers of their respective magazines—have been published annually for almost a quarter of a century. They are treasure-houses of interest and value, not only because of the excellent quality of their stories, but also because of their information of a practical character. Every boy's shelf of well-thumbed books has something by G. A. Henty, G. Manville Fenn, David Ker, Dr. Gordon Stables, and other writers of boys' stories, but almost every volume of the "Boy's Own Annual" contains a complete story by each of these, and by scores of others as well. With a "Boy's Own Annual" many boys are content for their year's reading, for in its 800 large pages there are packed the contents of more than a dozen books. It contains

stories of adventure, history, travel, school life and incident, besides numberless articles of information and instruction on practical subjects. The "Girl's Own Annual" reflects the interests of growing girls, and deals in matters of daily concern. It contains a fine collection of fiction by popular writers, short stories, character sketches, and an infinite variety of articles on special subjects of interest to its youthful readers. The "Sunday at Home" contains many interesting articles on religious work in many parts



ETHELWYN WETHERALD, WHO WILL SHORTLY PUBLISH A NEW VOLUME OF VERSE

of the world, sketches of missionary endeavour, helpful articles and studies by eminent divines, information on religious topics, and many other practical features. The volume is well printed and well illustrated. The "Leisure Hour" is printed on thick-coated paper, is copiously illustrated, and contains much of the best in modern literature. These four magnificent gift books are published in England by the Religious Tract Society, and their sale in Canada, both for the monthly parts and for the Annuals, is controlled by Messrs. Warwick Bros. & Rutter.



IDLE MOMENTS



THE GREAT ACTRESS

TORONTO and Montreal wait with joyous expectation. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is coming again. Her new play is entitled, "The Joy of Living," is in three acts, consists of morbid talk about a sex problem, and has a suicide as the climax in the last act. Fathers will take their lovely daughters to be corrupted by a play, in which the star is one of the loveliest of women.

Xenes

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD

According to *Punch*, the Canadian Arch has more than done its work, and Canada, "The Great Misunderstood," is still in the same position. The driver of a London 'bus, who had been reading about a train running off a bridge into a river and drowning fifty people, said to a passenger:—

"That 'd maik a fair bit uv a splish, w'd'n't it? I shoold loike t'v seen 't."

The passenger remarked that he had seen a whole train run into a river because of heavy rains having weakened a bridge pier.

"Where?" he asked.

"In Canada."

He gazed pensively at his horses' heads for a few seconds. Then he evidently decided that it behoved him to say something.

"In Keneda! Ow, yus. W'en 't rines owt there in th' troppics it do rine, down't 't!"

POLITICAL CATECHISM

Q. What are the functions of an Election?

A. To disturb business and put the other people in power.

Q. When the other people are put in, what is this called?

A. Rotation in office.

Q. What are the results of Rotation?

A. It is seen that one party is as full of rascals and incompetence as the other.

Q. What are the necessary concomitants to an Election?

A. The Bonus-hunters, The Manufacturers, The Power of The Press, The Machine, and the Party Voter.

Q. What about the other ingredient, the People?

A. They don't count, except in Bourinot's Manual.

Q. What are the uses of The Power of the Press?

A. To furnish the noise and obscure the issues, if there are any.

Ajax

THE PIG AND THE MONGOOSE

The Pig, suffering from overassimilation, went to the Mongoose, who is esteemed to have the Gift of Healing Above all Animals. In his Mouth he carried two fat Snakes as an Offering to that sagacious Creature.

"I'm feeling dreadfully ill," groaned the Pig. "I can't think what's the Matter with me."

The Mongoose saw what it was with a glance. But he knew better than to offend the Pig by telling him. So he remarked with an Assumption of solemn Sympathy:—

"Tut, tut; you do look bad, and no mistake. I see what it is. You are run down. We must do Something to pick you up."

"I felt as if a little Change to, say, the Truffle Grounds of Périgord would do me good," suggested the Pig.

"The very Thing," replied the Mongoose. "You could not have mentioned a more suitable Resort. I recommend you go there at once."

"I will," answered the Pig, delighted thus to have his suggestion confirmed by so wise an Animal as the Mongoose.

So he departed, leaving behind him

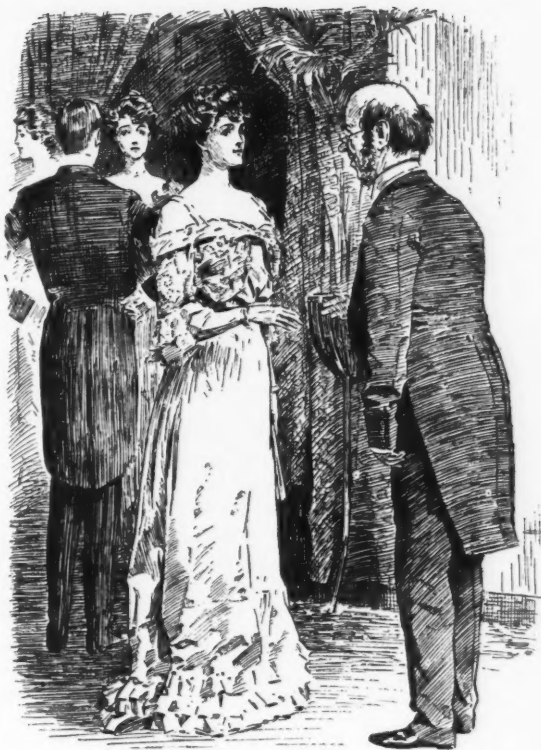
the two fat Snakes, outside of which did the Mongoose promptly place himself.

But the Mongoose's Son, who had happened to witness the above Interview, exclaimed, in great Surprise:—

"But, Papa, why did you tell the Pig that he was run down and recommend him to go to the Truffle Grounds of Périgord, when all that is needed to cure him is that he should Swear off Pig wash for a Bit?"

"My Son," smiled the sagacious Mongoose, "you know Nothing. The Pig wanted me to send him to the Truffle Grounds of the Périgord, and I wanted the Pig's Snakes. He has got what he wanted; so have I."

Moral:—Ask your Doctor.—*London Truth.*



G. W. B. 1894

HE MERELY WANTED TO KNOW

Small Boy—What is a roost, papa?

Parent—A roost, my son, is the pole on which chickens roost at night.

Small Boy—And what is a perch, papa?

Parent—A perch is what chickens perch on at night.

Small Boy—Well, papa, could a chicken roost on a perch?

Parent—Why, of course!

Small Boy—And could they perch on a roost?

Parent—Certainly; of course!

Small Boy—But if chickens perched on a roost, that would make the roost a perch, wouldn't it?

Parent—Oh, heavens, yes! I suppose so.

Small Boy—But if just after some chickens had perched on a roost and

HOSTESS—"You're not going already, Professor, surely!"

THE PROFESSOR—"I'm sorry to, my dear lady, but I have been working so late all the week I feel I must have my beauty sleep to-night."

HOSTESS—"Then I mustn't keep you. I'm sure you need it, poor thing!"—*Punch.*

made it a perch, some chickens came along and roosted on the perch and made it a roost; then the roost would be a perch and the perch would be a roost, and some of the chickens would be perchers and the others would be roosters, and—

Parent—Susan, Susan, take this child to bed before he drives me mad!

A WONDERFUL LAW

Bridget and Pat were sitting in an armchair, reading an article on The Law of Compensation.

"Just fancy!" exclaimed Bridget; "accordin' to this, whin a mon loses wan uv his sines another gits more developed. For instance, a bloind man gits more since uv hearin' an' touch, an'"—

"Shure, an' it's quite true," exclaimed Pat; "Oi've noticed it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, begorra, the other's longer."

EASILY READ

"Yes, she can read her husband like a book."

"Is that little fellow her husband?"

"Yes."

"Pooh! I should think she'd read him like a paragraph."

A CORONATION ODE

You recollect the Wordsworth maid,
—Speaking of those in heaven,—
Her brothers and her sisters, said
(Frequently) "We are seven."
So now the King is leavened with
A similar sort of leaven,
For wheresoe'er his sign appears
We learn that E.R. VII.

—Globe, London

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

A Stone-Age man came back to life
To view the world again.
He thought he saw a centipede
And found it was a train.

He found a mighty monster which
Was snorting in a dell.
Its driver gently swore at it
And pumped it up as well.

He took it for a mastodon,
Too fat to travel far.
Instead of that it was a toy
They called a motor car.

He found a bloody battle-field
Between two hunting packs.
They said it was a football match—
He offered them his axe.

He saw some doctors in a ward
Conducting a P.M.
He fancied it might be a feast
And wished to join with them.

He went into a lecture room
And looked upon a shelf.
He thought he saw a skeleton
And found it was himself.

While in a still suburban street
He heard a German band.
He said that they were dangerous
And killed them out of hand.

He went into a smart "at home,"
Where dames in conclave sit;
But that was more than he could stand:
He perished in a fit.

—London Outlook

SONG OF THE HUSBAND

Wives and daughters all rem'nd us
We must make our little pile;
And, departing, leave behind us
Cash for them to live in style.

—Life

CALCULATION EXTRAORDINARY

A correspondent of the *Standard* of London, Eng., points out the interesting fact about the date of the second Coronation day, Saturday, Aug. 9th. "At 1.1.1 a.m., one minute one second past one a.m., occurred the second second of the second minute of the second hour of the second day of the second week of the second month of the second half of the second year of the second tenth century. None of all men alive now has lived to see a similar date and none will live to see it again."

A certain distinguished philosopher happened to be staying at a country house in England, and one morning a youngster looking out of the window, observing a large flock of rooks alighting on the grass, cried out, "What an awful lot of crows," upon which the philosopher, in a tone intending to convey a gentle rebuke, inquiringly said: "Well, my young friend, are crows really so very awful?" The boy quickly answered, "I didn't say, 'What a lot of awful crows,' but 'What an awful lot of crows!'" The philosopher remained silent, and the boy whispered to a friend, "Had him that time I think."



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



OLD COINS AND BILLS

THE new coins bearing the King's head are coming into general circulation. It will take some time to accustom our eyes to the absence of the face that we have known for thirty or forty years. There was a time when even

loyal Canada did not have the sovereign's head on her coins. Before the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841, the copper coinage was issued by the banks. Herewith are given two examples of rare coins of that period. No. 1 is a penny issued by the Bank of Montreal in 1838 and is very rare, good specimens being worth \$25. There are other similar pennies and half-pennies which are more common. No. 2 is a "Papineau" or "Habitant" penny. It was the first copper coin issued with the name of Lower Canada on it. The Bank of Montreal issued the coins, however, and the arms of the bank are on the reverse. The words "Bank of Montreal" are on the ribbon of the arms.

After the union an Act was passed (1841) continuing the permission to corporations to issue coins. The Bank of Montreal issued the coins up to 1849, and then the duty

passed to the Bank of Upper Canada and the Quebec Bank. In 1858 the first regular Government coinage was issued.

Many private firms issued paper money for change, although it seems that the banks issued the larger bills. For example, Messrs. Watkins & Harris, hardware dealers of Toronto, issued, at least, three denominations of paper money: 7½ pence; 15 pence or ¼ dollar; two shillings and sixpence. These bills were about six inches long and two and half inches wide. They were printed on thin India paper. The larger denomination is pictured here.

A PUBLIC AUTO-CAR

In Charlottetown, P. E. Island, the want of street-cars is in part supplied by an auto-car of considerable power



NO. 1—BANK OF MONTREAL TOKEN, 1838



NO. 2—A PAPINEAU OR HABITANT PENNY



A RARE BILL—A RELIC OF THE TIME WHEN CANADA VALUED EVERYTHING IN HALIFAX CURRENCY AND WHEN THE GOVERNMENT DID NOT PROVIDE SUFFICIENT "SMALL CHANGE."

and speed, fitted up to carry ten or more passengers besides the driver. It was imported from the United States by a local company made up of business and professional men, about twenty in number, who have equal shares in the venture. The motive power is steam, generated by gasolene fuel. The car plies daily between the central square of the city and Victoria Park, a mile

distant, ten cents being charged for the round trip. It is kept busy, the seats being filled constantly with citizens and tourist visitors, the latter class being quite numerous in July, August and the early part of September. The car also makes an occasional trip to the seaside resorts on the north shore of the Island, twelve to fifteen miles distant.



PUBLIC AUTO-CAR USED IN CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.—THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN FRONT OF THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS



DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

ILLUSTRATING "FORTUNE'S HILL"

"I found Darryl after a moment or two"